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The Week

A CAREFUL study of the administration's gold-purchase plan just issued by the Brookings Institution in Washington, by Dr. Leo Pasvolsky with the coöperation of other members of the staff, compares favorably with the somewhat hasty statements recently issued by other groups of economists. It does not use the conventional tags or wave the red flag of inflation, but demonstrates, to our mind with inescapable logic, that a single nation cannot effectively control the internal price level by changing the price of gold or depreciating its foreign exchange. It attacks the basic errors of Dr. Warren's oversimplified theory, saying that "No definite, predictable rise in the commodity price level can be assumed to follow a given depreciation of the currency." And no evidence exists that a desired price level "can be automatically controlled by altering the price of gold." This points out the true danger of the President's price policy—not that it is inflationary, but that it will not bring about the price rise desired. On the contrary, it may hamper that end, if monetary uncertainty should interfere with government credit and so interfere with the borrowing necessary for public works and other expansive programs. If, as a result, the government began to use the printing press to pay for a great program of public expenditure, we might be in for real inflation. The report might well, in our opinion, have gone on to emphasize that disastrous inflation is possible even if we go back to the gold standard. Neither the conventional gold standard nor a shifting price of gold is sufficient to manage our chaotic price system. To argue either for the one or for the other as a cure for all ills is to write a testimonial for a patent medicine.

AN ADDITION has just been made to the ranks of aspirant "third parties" in America. This is the "American Workers' party" organized at a convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action at Pittsburgh recently. The new party is "frankly revolutionary." It dismisses both the Socialists and the Communists, saying that neither "has established or can establish its claim to revolutionary leadership in the United States." It waves aside the Rooseveltian New Deal, declaring that the effort to "save capitalism" is bound to fail. The organization meeting laid emphasis upon the necessity of winning support among the Negroes, to whom complete equality is promised, and of keeping in intimate contact with the technicians who are so rapidly changing the face of our civilization. Among the organizing committee are found several names which are familiar to our readers: A. J. Muste, chairman; J. B. S. Hardman, vice-chairman; Louis F. Budenz, secretary; E. J. Lever, Gerry Allard, Ludwig Lore, Tom Tippett, and others from ten or more states.

A FEW days ago the Pan-American Conference adopted a treaty establishing equal nationality rights for women—subject, of course, to ratification by the individual governments. It also voted to recommend that all countries grant to women equal civil and political rights as soon as possible. To the astonishment of the Latin American delegates, however, the United States refused to support this program, despite the fact that the first half of it received our endorsement at the last previous Pan-American

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Conference in Havana, in 1928. It is conjectured that the attitude of our government goes back to an old quarrel between two groups of women's organizations in the United States. One group, headed by the National Woman's party, has demanded complete equality before the law for women, always and everywhere. The other group believes that women need special protection against night work, unduly long hours, certain types of exhausting labor, and so on, and has sought to preserve existing legal safeguards and to fight the battle for equality in political, legal and financial affairs on another and a narrower front. It is hard to see, however, how the treaty on equal nationality rights could be opposed by any forward-looking organization in the United States or anywhere else. Even the second proposal does not necessarily jeopardize the safeguards which now exist for women in industry, since it could easily be adopted with a safeguarding reservation. Someone in the American government has blundered; and the sooner we stand up and admit it, the better.

MR. J. B. Matthews has been dropped as one of the executive secretaries of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, for an interesting reason. The Fellowship is an important organization of religious pacifists, and one of its tenets is that class war shall be opposed, as well as international war. With this position, Mr. Matthews, a Socialist, finds himself unable to agree. While he "deplores" violence, he believes it is inevitable and that a pacifist should not refuse to participate in a class war as he does in an international struggle. The action in regard to him was taken after a referendum in which 80 percent of those who voted endorsed the completely pacifist position. On the other hand, a number of members of the Fellowship have resigned, to emphasize their support of Mr. Matthews' attitude—including a famous wartime pacifist, Roger Baldwin. The Fellowship's action, of course, emphasizes the growing breach between conventional pacifism and radicalism, movements which once seemed to have much in common. The lessons of Italy and Germany, to name only two, show that if radicals won't fight, conservatives will—and will win. Indeed, not to fight is sometimes to take part in the struggle on the other side. To accept absolute pacifism is nowadays at best to retire into an ivory tower—with a good chance of finding this tower overturned ere long in the hurricane of social change by violence which is sweeping the world.

FOR once, a "civil liberties" case has turned out right. Athos Terzani, on trial in New York City for a murder which he obviously had not committed, was acquitted by a jury after only half an hour's deliberation. Terzani, an anti-Fascist of Italian extraction, went to a meeting addressed by Art J. Smith, then leader of the Fascist "Khaki Shirts of America." There was a fight in which another anti-Fascist, Anthony Fierro, was killed. Apparently because Terzani was about the only man present with no possible motive for killing Fierro, he was arrested and tried. He was saved from the electric chair by one of Art Smith's former lieutenants, Samuel Wein, who testified that the murder was the work of still another Khaki Shirter, Frank Moffer of Philadelphia. With great skill, Arthur Garfield Hays, Terzani's attorney, built up a complete case against Moffer, which the jury decided was good enough to cause them to set Terzani free. Oddly enough, the prosecuting attorney has thus far shown no interest whatever in finding and trying Moffer. Instead, his whole aim seems to be to place a perjury charge against Wein, who in saving Terzani admitted he had lied on a previous occasion, and says he did so because Art Smith had threatened his life. In those districts of New York City where Italian blood predominates, it is apparently safer to be a murderer than an anti-Fascist. Luckily, in this case, the jury cut through to the facts and the facts did the work.

LAST week, The New York World-Telegram added a new columnist to its staff in the person of Mr. Westbrook Pegler, a widely known and popular writer who heretofore has devoted most of his attention to the world of sports. Mr. Pegler celebrated his advent by writing a column which discussed the weaknesses of our judicial system, and included a statement universally interpreted as an endorsement of the San Jose lynching. Naturally, this statement produced roars of protest from a great many people, including the Writers' Committee against Lynching. The executive committee of this group sent a strongly worded telegram of protest to the paper and signed to it the names of eighty-three well known writers, all of whom are members of the organization but most of whom did not know in advance that the protest was going out. The editors of The World-Telegram jumped to the conclusion that the purpose of the protest was to get Mr. Pegler dismissed or muzzled; and they also discovered—and printed—the fact that some of the signatories were unaware that the protest was to be sent. Thereupon the leaders of the committee redoubled their indignation. They now accused The World-Telegram of drawing a red herring of free speech across the trail, whereas their sole purpose had been to obtain publication of the fact that they disagreed with Mr. Pegler. After a good deal of recrimination, it was finally explained that the motives of each party to the controversy had been misinterpreted by the other. Every newspaper reader knows that the Scripps-Howard chain, of which The New York World-Telegram is a member, has been scrupulously liberal in permitting its writers to make over their signatures statements with which the papers are editorially in disagreement. Everyone also knows that the last thing a group of liberal and radical writers would suggest

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is that a fellow writer should be censored for the expression of an opinion with which they disagree. Score: World-Telegram, 1; Writers, 1; Pegler, 0.

AMERICA'S most recent lynching is even more cold-blooded and shameless than any others of the recent series. Cord Cheek, an eighteen-year-old Negro boy of Columbia, Tennessee, was arrested on a charge of attempted assault upon an eleven-year-old white girl. Since no one presented any evidence whatever against him, the grand jury failed to indict him and he was set free. Within a few hours he had been seized by a group of white men, shot and hanged. He was dragged some distance in the road, but whether he was alive or dead when this happened is not yet known. Governor Hill McAlister of Tennessee has emphasized that he is not another Rolph by issuing a statement denouncing the lynchers and offering a reward of $1,000 for their capture—something which ought not to be difficult, since the license numbers of their automobiles are known. The puzzling thing about this and other recent cases is why the officers of the law insist on dealing with a person who is in danger of lynching in such a way as to make his murder easy. Are they so unintelligent that they can't look ahead a few hours? Or do they deliberately, because of secret sympathy with the mob, arrange matters so that the lynchers will be put to a minimum of trouble?

THE first week of The New York Evening Post under the ownership of J. David Stern of Philadelphia shows a tremendous improvement over the timorous policy set by the conservative Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Saturday Evening Post fame, and continued by the managers of his estate after his death. While Mr. Stern will undoubtedly make many more changes than he has yet had time for, already he has shown that he is an aggressive editor with strong liberal leanings. This is what we should have expected in view of his record in Philadelphia and the other cities where he owns, or has owned, papers. Mr. Stern was one of the first editors to go under the Blue Eagle, and the Newspaper Guild, the editorial workers' union, had its birth in his office and with his warm approval. He spoke out vigorously against those publishers who have raised a false cry that freedom of the press is imperiled, in order to avoid meeting government specifications as to wages and hours and to continue using child labor. The Philadelphia Record was largely responsible for smashing the Vare machine in the November election. Mr. Stern defied advertisers who were spending many thousands of dollars annually with him, in order to tell the public that the Pennsylvania milk code was an outrageous injustice to the consumer. He has cleaned up patent medicine and other rackets in Philadelphia. To have The Evening Post go from Curtis to Stern ownership is undoubtedly a piece of good luck for New York.

Curtain Call for Congress

WHEN THE asbestos curtain rises and reveals the Seventy-third Congress in regular session, the chief theme of the play will be, according to the expectations of most of the spectators, a heroic struggle between the inflationists and the sound-moneyites. We hope the audience will be disappointed, because such a melodrama, however heated and exciting, would be far removed from reality—a romantic revival of the moustached-villain, lily-white heroine, save-the-child school. The truth is that the wildest money-tampering proposed by the inflationists would not succeed in raising prices much, while the sound-money men have no good idea how to protect the national virtue. It does not make any difference what kind of currency is issued so long as the total volume and rapidity of circulation of money (including that nine-tenths of it which is bank deposits) are not increased. And going back to the gold standard, whether at the old or a depreciated valuation, would permit a tremendous inflation if circumstances proper to it should arise.

Much more to the point will be the struggle which impends between those who want large governmental expenditures and those who want to keep government spending down. Large spending is the one way in which additional money or credit can be put into circulation, and the government is the one considerable economic unit which can find ways to spend and can get the money to do so. The last public-works appropriation of $3,300 million is virtually all allocated—much of it not on public works at all but on expenditures which were cut out of the "ordinary" budget or would normally come under it. Thousands of projects, subject to long delay, are just coming up for consideration. Only a tiny beginning has been made on housing. The Civil Works employees will have to be dumped back on the streets if hundreds of millions more are not forthcoming to pay them. Altogether the situation demands a considerable expansion of that kind of spending which is classified under the extraordinary budget and is paid for out of borrowing.

This is the one way in which Congress may be most sure of exerting an influence in behalf of larger circulation of money and increased business activity. But if we are to have the kind of stimulus which can be controlled when, if ever, it threatens to run away into an inflation spiral, Congress must make certain that the "ordinary budget" is balanced —that is, that current expenditures are covered by receipts of taxation, and that they include interest at least on all the debts incurred. It must also prepare the ground so that when revival comes, if it does, there may arise a substantial surplus in the ordinary budget which may be applied to debt retirement. This means a thorough revamping of our taxation system. Leaks in the income tax must be stopped; more efficient profits taxes must be intro-

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duced. That is of the utmost importance. And a way must be opened for a reduction of local taxes on real estate, which now stand in the way of building revival and which, because of the difficulty of collecting them, help to bankrupt many cities.

The biggest gap in the Recovery legislation of last spring was the failure to do anything final about the banks. It is frequently said that the President missed the greatest opportunity of his administration because, last March, he did not take over and reorganize the whole banking system. It still needs to be done. The commercial banks are now gorged with reserves; but they are not and cannot be, as long as they remain a congeries of competitive units under private ownership, an instrument for the extension of credit when and where it ought to be extended. Nor, for that matter, an instrument for withholding credit when it ought to be withheld. The Glass bill, with its deposit-insurance feature and its segregation of investment houses from commercial banks, is a tiny bite at a very small cherry. The Securities Act, to which there is so much objection in Wall Street, is likewise of minor importance—a mere attempt to make houses of issue and corporation directors assume responsibility to the investors, where what we need is social control of the whole process of investment in order to make it serve social ends. If the President does not propose an adequate program for the socialization of banking, both commercial and investment, Congress ought to devise one.

The next most important subject for congressional action is to prepare for a broad scaling down of mortgage debt. Suppose reflation does not come, or does not work. That is not at all an unlikely supposition. Agencies like the Home Loan and Farm Loan banks, or like the new law for financial reorganization of railroads, have brought results visible only under the microscope. A more courageous and a broader attack on this problem is desirable now, and may soon be crucially needed.

These are the most pressing subjects for legislation. But there is also a major need for that other function of Congress—investigation. Congress gave the President wide permissive powers in the National Industrial Recovery Act. How have these powers been administered? Specifically, has the N.R.A., under General Johnson, become a means by which the owners of industry may escape the anti-trust laws and practise the extortions of monopoly, while the consumer is left helpless to control prices or profits, and while labor cannot exercise its right to organize and bargain effectively in order to protect its own status? There are many indications that this is, in large measure, true. Code after code has been approved in which there are clauses or omissions objected to by the Consumers' Board —and this Board is mild in its purpose. Code after code contains no provision even for the accumulation of the information necessary to test whether it aids profiteering or not. Even now draft codes which the A.A.A. would not accept because it thought them unfair to the consumer are being passed over to General Johnson and rushed through with little or no modification. Code authorities are being set up with no direct consumer or labor participation, the only representative of the government being drawn from the ranks of business.

These are specific indications of a general absence of clear economic philosophy behind the N.R.A. structure. Where is the planning agency to coördinate the efforts and direct them to a social end? What is this end, and what policies are being used to seek it? Where are the figures which will show whether the end is being approached? Is the government endeavoring to enlarge production and consumption or to restrict them? If the former is the aim, how is production to be enlarged unless the purchasing power of wage earners and farmers rises greatly? How can this be accomplished unless prices of industrial products are held down while wage earners' and farmers' incomes rise? Does not such control require that prices be set on the basis of the costs of the more efficient plants rather the less efficient? And does not this outcome depend on the existence, either (a) of active price competition, or (b), if that is absent, of governmental fixing of maximum prices and control of production, based on knowledge of the costs and profits of individual plants? Do not codes leaving any control of prices and production with trade associations obstruct these ends? General Johnson should be cross-examined on these matters, and the consumers' experts allowed full scope for their testimony.

It is obvious, too, that a law intended to further true collective bargaining which has resulted, with General Johnson's sanction, in a great expansion of fake collective bargaining as embodied in company unions, has not been properly administered. Congress ought to inquire into the contrast between this situation and that on the railroads under Coördinator Eastman. Is the difference due to faulty wording of the law, or to the personnel of those in control? Prompt action is needed here.

President Roosevelt has said again and again—and his words have been echoed by his subordinates —that the New Deal is a great experiment. But if it is to be an experiment from which we are to learn anything, its objective and methods must be made much more clear than they are now. No scientist in a laboratory ever learns anything by fuddling about with chemicals like a baby playing in a sand pile. We ought to know exactly what is being attempted, and exactly by what methods; where the fault rests if the attempt is unsuccessful. Up to this moment the President, in spite of the admirable and moving generalities contained in his speeches, has refused to define his experiment in sufficiently concrete terms, whether of measures or persons. That is, so far, his greatest defect, and it portends, if continued, a real social catastrophe. Perhaps some members of Congress will have the wit and courage to press this issue. If they do, they will justify the existence of representative democracy.

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Weirton and 7a

THE FEUD between the National Labor Board and the National Steel Corporation—owner of the Weirton Steel Company—which recently attracted headline attention, came as no startling surprise to those who had been close to the scene and were able to observe the company's arrogant attitude from the time the steel workers first walked out on strike at Weirton, West Virginia, last September. Feudalism in Weirton is deeply entrenched; it will not countenance any interference or regulation, whether it comes from the workers or the United States government. The town is unincorporated—the largest unincorporated town in the country. Its 27,000 population has nothing whatever to say about its government or police protection. There is none, save such as the Weirton Steel Company imposes. Since the whole town is private company property, anyone who arouses the company's displeasure can be, and often has been, ushered out. But even those to whom these facts were common knowledge, were surprised by the sheer brazenness of the methods by which the company sought to amass a large vote for the company union at its election Friday, December 15.

At the conference between the National Labor Board and Mr. E. T. Weir, the company's board chairman, held in Washington, October 16, the latter made it perfectly clear that "no good purpose could be served the recovery program by forcing collective bargaining upon employers through irresponsible representatives of the workers, that a collective-bargaining committee had been elected last June and that another election would be held the second week in December." It was then agreed that "the forthcoming election will be held under the auspices of the National Labor Board." It was a small enough concession, yet the workers went back to work on the strength of it.

Had the company adhered to this agreement, or had it even carried out the provision of its own company-union plan, the whole question might have been settled smoothly, if not entirely satisfactorily to the workers. This provision was:

> Nomination and election shall be by secret ballot and so conducted as to avoid undue influence or interference with voters in any manner whatsoever and to prevent fraud in the casting or counting of the ballots.

The Amalgamated Iron, Sheet and Tin Workers' Union would probably have won, but, according to the Industrial Recovery Act, the company would have been under no obligation to recognize it any more than the Frick Company is recognizing the United Mine Workers in those mines where the union won. Or, had a lockout been possible, the men might have been starved into submission. As it happened, there were sufficient orders available to keep the mills going three full shifts. This gave the men courage and they stood by the Amalgamated. Other means had to be employed.

For about a month prior to the election, Mr. J. C. Williams, president of the Weirton Steel Company, entertained the workers at his private country club. Nightly parties were held. There was plenty to eat and drink; there was music and entertainment. Rumors to the effect that certain sections of the mill would close down if the company union did not win were passed around freely. Mr. Weir dismissed the National Labor Board by the simple process of breaking the October 16 agreement—by refusing the Labor Board's supervision of the election.

On election day, the complete crew of "bosses" and "supers," ordinarily divided over three shifts, was on hand during the entire election. Two "floating crews" were also on hand to relieve the men while they were voting or to relieve them of their jobs if they refused to vote. Mill police were everywhere in evidence inside the mill and state troopers were stationed close by outside. At one o'clock in the morning, December 15, the process of "putting them through the works" began. A New Republic representative who spoke to many workers and examined dozens of affidavits testifies to the most brazen methods of coercion and intimidation. Each worker was asked by his boss to vote. Some were threatened with discharge. At least forty swore out affidavits to the effect that they were laid off indefinitely for refusing to vote. Others grew frightened and voted. Some filed blank ballots, others scratched them up, voted and "prayed that the vote will not count, anyway."

One man who refused to vote was pushed by his boss against a pile of scrap and sprained his wrist. Another man hid in the washroom to escape goading. He was discovered by a company policeman and pushed into the polling place with a riot club at his ribs. The stories were endless, the narrators bitter and defiant. Many frankly admitted that they voted, but loudly proclaimed that they were "good union men" and would vote right when the labor board arranges for an election. In the evening a large mass meeting was held at the union hall. About 3,000 men and women crowded in. "December 15," said the chairman, "will be an important date in history. It will mark the day when the National Steel Corporation declared war on the United States." "The government is on our side," said William J. Long, fiery Irish leader of the Weirton workers, himself an employee of the steel company. "Let us stand by the government. It will not turn against us." "And if it does," shouted one of the three thousand, "then we must fight the steel company without the aid of the government, or we must get a new government." Thunderous applause greeted this remark

As the press has recorded, the issue between the government and the Weirton Company will soon be tested in the courts. Just how seriously the Roosevelt administration means its support of collective

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bargaining, we shall be able to tell much better when we see how vigorously the action is pressed—and how far the government carries it, in case of an adverse decision in the first trial.

Toward a Workers' Theatre

SOME interesting social questions are raised by the latest attempt at a workers' theatre in America—the Theatre Union, of New York City, which is offering its first play, "Peace on Earth," at the Civic Theatre—formerly the Civic Repertory Theatre. The union's purpose is to produce plays of social significance from the workers' point of view, on a professional basis, at prices which will enable it to compete with the moving-picture houses. The ways are strewn with the wrecks of similar enterprises, but today many workers are more class conscious than ever before, and are beginning to be interested in the dramatic presentation of their own problems. This is shown by the attendance. Of the 10,000 people who have seen "Peace on Earth," the directors of the enterprise say that the majority have been workers. The cheaper seats, at thirty and forty-five cents, have been filled, and the enthusiasm has been genuine. The orchestra seats at $1.50 would have been almost empty except for the policy of the management in admitting the unemployed free after the performance was under way.

An important aspect of the enterprise is its success in promoting a "united front" among people of various opinions. For this, the choice of the present play is partly responsible. Liberals and radicals, socialists and communists, can unite in their attitude toward war, and in supporting the opposition to it by the class which suffers most by it—the workers. The audience represents every shade of political opinion, and among the diverse groups which have attended in a body are the International Labor Defense, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the League for Independent Political Action, the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, the National Student League, the Socialist party and the New Workers' School.

It is interesting to note that the critics of the New York papers have in general been contemptuous or hostile. On the other hand, the workers' press has been enthusiastic, and the foreign-language papers of all varieties of political opinion have carried favorable reviews. It is to be expected that dramatic critics should be concerned with defending the purity of the theatre as the home of fine art against the intrusion of disturbing ideas. The London critics warred against the realism and social criticism of Ibsen with verbal missiles which are recorded by Bernard Shaw and William Archer for the enjoyment of future generations. What every critic knows is that propaganda is out of place on the stage. It is amusing, however, to note that some of those who damned Elmer Rice's "We, the People" a year ago now hold it up as an example to the authors of "Peace on Earth."

These playwrights, George Sklar and Albert Maltz, were pupils of Professor Baker's playwriting department at Yale, and authors of "Merry-Go-Round," which impinged so strongly on Tammany Hall's susceptibilities that it was forbidden in New York City. They are imbued with the idea that the theatre should say something of importance to the people, to all people. A theme of great drama has always been man's struggle with his environment. Today it is the social environment which man has made, and perhaps can refashion, which challenges his thought and action. And at no point is the challenge more imperative than on the frontiers of national rivalry, where war threatens the very existence of the race. Moreover, in taking account of social ideals and forces rather than exclusively of individual problems and intrigues, the drama must devise a technique for presenting mass action in a form more significant and realistic than a Roman mob. Hauptmann in "The Weavers," Björnson in "Beyond Human Power," and others have dealt with this problem. Messrs. Sklar and Maltz have used the obvious methods of the crowded stage, and, in their third act, the expressionistic device of opening the mind of the hero to the audience and letting pass on the stage of his consciousness the men and women who made for him a peopled world. Social drama in these terms proposes an exacting technique in which success is to be achieved only by severe training, and this training can be best obtained before an audience—not one which looks on the play as a spectacle, intriguing or beautiful but remote, but as an action in which they participate because it touches their own lives so nearly. This was the condition of great drama in the age of Pericles, or of Elizabeth. The Theatre Union in every performance is giving to the playwrights and actors the invaluable discipline and support of a participating audience, under whose stimulus the production tends steadily to gain in power. For this reason alone, if there were no other, it deserves the support of those interested in the art as well as the thought of the drama.

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American Fascism in Embryo

WHEN Adolf Hitler, after refusing to play second fiddle to von Schleicher and von Papen, turned the full blast of his propaganda trumpets upon the tiny state of Lippe, the whole world (and Germany in particular) remarked that the man was a fool and that the Nazi movement had come to the end of its tether. Whether this attitude, the sort of wishful thinking that had rendered intelligent men unprophetic, was the result of blind fear or whether the example of Italy had already become too much a matter of "history," is beside the point. The question now is: will the rest of the world, and for our purposes America, be able to cope with the menace of fascism? Bismarck was right when he laughed to scorn the oft-repeated proverb on learning things by experience. The clever man, he said, learns things by the experience of others.

Our government has been careful to extract from the envoy of Soviet Russia the most exacting promises in regard to communist propaganda. But although there are now some hundred and three separate fascist organizations operating in the United States, a few of them financed by German money and at least one preaching loyalty to Hitler and his barbarous ideas, not a promise has been exacted, not a protest lodged, with the government which constitutes such a menace to world peace.

One of us found himself last month at a symptomatic meeting. Unofficial representatives were present from Social Credit, the American branch of Major Douglas' economic school, from the Continental Committee on Technocracy, from the Farm Holiday and Farmer-Labor movements, as well as two farmer anarchists, an Equitist, a disillusioned banker, the former head of the disbanded New National party, a militant liberal, a Seventy-Sixer and the president of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty. One belief only seemed to be shared by those present, giving the meeting a basis for unity. All felt that the present monetary system had outlived whatever usefulness it might have had in the past. The agreement ended here. The majority were evidently trying to preserve for the new order what they called economic liberty, and what seemed to mean the freedom to buy and to sell, to receive interest and to lend money. The Technocrats, who considered the freedom to be all important, and the right to sell for profit and to practise usury anachronisms in this age of potential plenty, were clearly in the minority.

Most of the individuals present expressed, in varying degrees, the unrest among many members of the middle class which is prevalent throughout the country. "Middle class" is loosely used to cover that vast heterogeneous body of Americans who are conscious neither of their proletarian nor of their capitalist status. Many members of this class, victims of the system no less than are the industrial workers, are revolting against it. Fascism, which is essentially conservative behind a smoke-screen of reform and hate, makes its appeal to this embittered multitude on two counts. In the beginning, as in the cases of Hitler and Mussolini, it makes an essentially radical appeal. It attacks the bankers and other vested interests of the profit system, urging unity of the working and middle classes. Then it attacks the existing working-class movements on the ground that they intend to take away from the middle class what little stake that class still retains in the profit system. In so doing it plays directly into the hands of the bankers and industrialists, who then deliberately finance it and lead it further and further to the right.

Some varieties of Fascism are local, some have branches in many parts of the country, some have sprung from the remnants of the Ku Klux Klan, others have spontaneously arisen to meet a momentary crisis or a labor threat. The organizations about to be described are typical.

The Khaki Shirts.—The Khaki Shirts (U. S. Fascist) are, or were, led by "Commander-in-Chief" Art J. Smith. The movement grew out of the "Bonus Army" march on Washington and reached its finale on October 12 of this year in Philadelphia. The capture of the national capital by an "army," supposedly of 1,500,000 trained Khaki Shirts, had been scheduled for the following day. At first the plan had been to make Smith himself dictator, but by October the less ambitious scheme of investing Franklin D. Roosevelt with the job had been adopted. Publicity at any cost seems to have been the method. Smedley D. Butler, Huey Long and Louis McFadden were said to be hand in glove with Smith. When the day arrived only a few hundred men turned out, and Smith jumped out of the window as the police entered his headquarters. Embezzlement of funds and a good-sized "shirt racket" were exposed by the disgruntled "generals," "colonels" and lesser officers (if any).

The Khaki Shirts published a newspaper. Like most of the other fascist organizations about to be described, they freely circulated under the governmental postal frank Congressman McFadden's speech attacking the Jews. They have disappeared for a time. Some of their leaders are in jail. But the same was true of a certain Austrian corporal after a no less trivial piece of high comedy in Munich, *anno* 1923.

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Order of '76.—Unlike the Khaki Shirts, the Seventy-Sixers avoid publicity. Their work is done underground. Organizers are sent to trouble centers and members there enrolled. Their leader keeps himself in the background and calls himself organizer rather than chief. They have no program except a general antipathy to certain phases of capitalism such as racketeering, banking, politics. Hatred of Jews was for a time their mainspring. To get around the fact that Jews are actually a minor factor in American banking, they have told prospective members that Morgan and other prominent financiers have traces of Jewish blood.

This organization started in New York and claims to be enrolling 200 members a day. Its method of holding them is to assign specific tasks to each individual. These consist largely in petty espionage. Information is being compiled in order to be ready for "the day." Although it is to be doubted whether they uncover much "inside dope" on the bankers, they are successful in exposing petty graft—and in fingerprinting their own members.

The Silver Shirts.—About the time that Hitler seized power, William Dudley Pelley came out into the open with his Silver Shirt national organization. Pelley has served the Y.M.C.A. in Siberia, has devoted much time to spiritualism and advocates a kind of coöperative commonwealth (The Christ Government) in which everyone will be a stockholder in the national industry. He says he converses frequently with spirits who have given him the key by which he reads the pyramids.

The first headquarters of the Silver Shirts were in Asheville, North Carolina. Their central office is now in Oklahoma City. Most of their strength —2 million claimed—lies in Southern California, and the first violent deed attributed to them occurred in Salt Lake City. A suspected Communist, Daniel Black, was kidnaped in the presence of officers, beaten and tied to a tree. At night he was beaten again and left for dead. Although the victim was found by a motorist and recovered to name his assailants, they have not been arrested.

The Silver Shirts, according to Mr. Pelley, not only sympathize with the aims of the Nazi movement but keep in close touch with Hitler's representatives. They accept the exposed forgery known as the Protocols of Zion as an authentic document and seem really to believe that a secret committee of Jewish elders is plotting to destroy civilization with such disparate tools as the Communist party and the international bankers. Mr. Pelley alleged in support of this story that Otto Kahn addressed in Yiddish a group of Jews in the Bronx, urging them to join the conspiracy.

The Crusaders.—The Crusaders were organized in 1930 for the purpose of campaigning against prohibition. They have been seeking an excuse for continuing to exist and believe they have found it in "sound money." Their headquarters are in New York and they held their first big anti-inflation rally at Carnegie Hall on November 27.

It wasn't a great success. On the same night in the same city a monster meeting was being held at the Hippodrome for inflation. Unfortunately for the Crusaders, the competing rally was being addressed by a much better demagogue than they could offer. Father Coughlin, the "Radio Priest," stole their show. The Crusaders, with plenty of support from big business, are inclining toward a semi-military set-up, are making inroads upon the "good" preparatory schools and colleges, and through their "sound-money" campaign are being forced to take a stand against further unemployment relief.

Crusaders for Economic Liberty.—The Crusaders for Economic Liberty (White Shirts) have no connection with the Crusaders described above. An Idaho politician at a recent meeting of progressive leaders startled his colleagues by informing them that the White Shirts now constitute one of the major political problems not only in his state but in Oregon and Washington as well. They claim 2 million members and have recently announced that the Silver Shirts have decided to join their ranks in a body.

The president of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty is George W. Christians and their national capital is at Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mr. Christians has a panacea which gives a somewhat different character to his organization. The Gold Standard is his "source of all evil." Under the Gold Standard a certain amount of gold is needed as a basis for money and a certain amount of money is needed to run business. Obviously, the needs of business vary while the amount of gold is relatively constant. Mr. Christians recommends, in place of gold, a money that would "just be money," a kind of managed currency which would be expanded (credit to all askers) until every laborer was employed, and contracted, once this mark was attained, in order to prevent inflation. This equilibrium would be accomplished by controlling interest rates, not only by regulating the usual plus rates, but by offering money at minus rates when business was slack.

The White Shirts are the militant branch of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty. Mr. Christians has no inhibitions about the kind of mass appeal that a fascist organization must make. Consequently his organization tends to be radical when the community to be converted is radical, and fascist when the community leans toward reaction.

It is reported that Mr. Oscar C. Pfaus, commander of the German Alliance, thinks well of Mr. Christians. It is also said that a large fascist rally will soon take place in Chicago. Meanwhile general orders have been issued in preparation for a march on Washington. These instructions call for a perfectly drilled and disciplined membership and outline the tactics for taking control of the local governments. Members are to surround the government buildings, persuade the officials by force of

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numbers and patriotic appeal to resign, repudiate the public debt and bring dishonest officials to justice. The orders warn commanders against hanging politicians indiscriminately or using "pineapples" to loosen up the pocketbooks of those who will not contribute from patriotic motives.

No doubt these instructions are distributed for their psychological effect on White Shirts and others, and while they seem to indicate a sense of humor in Mr. Christians, this is not necessarily true. Mr. Christians uses psychology like a salesman who has taken a correspondence course. And in answer to the question whether he will convert the Nazis to his radical monetary system or the Nazis convert the White Shirts to medieval barbarism, it must be borne in mind that even while the Nazis are not noted for subtlety they possess the prestige which accrues from the subjection of a great nation. Recently one of their representatives closed a letter to Mr. Christians with the following greeting: "Let me salute you as you will be saluted in the days to come. Hail! Christians."

National Watchmen.—The National Watchmen are a movement of a different character. No emotional appeal has been written into the "Plan for Economic Rehabilitation in the United States." The plan is detailed and radical, and includes the nationalization of all property except personal, abolishes all corporations for profit, establishes a graduated income tax reaching 100 percent on incomes above $10,000 a year, a minimum wage scale, fixed prices, etc. It seems to be an attempt to combine socialism and the profit system of the early nineteenth century. Just what function profit will retain when cost and price are fixed is not suggested. F. M. Cox, National Commander, says that members are enlisted by addressing factory employees with the permission of the management and claims half a million adherents in one city alone and numerous other units throughout the Middle West.

Many of the other fascist organizations in America are along somewhat similar lines. While fascism in its early manifestations springs from the bottom —from the ruined fringe of the middle class—it is also firmly established at the top. Certain features of the program of the present Democratic administration in Washington have all the economic earmarks of fascism, and it is significant that when Gerard Swope recently proposed his plan for absolute industrial dictatorship, General Johnson approved and added that the weapon of the strike should be taken away from labor.

Another indication of this trend-from-above is the paper recently published by Lawrence Dennis and Harold Lord Varney, The Awakener. Dennis, although a radical economist who has been predicting for some time the doom of capitalism, has now taken a fascist position of the most reactionary sort. The slogan of his paper is "Against Socialism of the Left!" and the bulk of the sheet is made up of attacks upon the administration in Washington for employing certain liberal and radical economists in the various government bureaus.

Fascism suffers from an inner contradiction. Organizations which seek to conserve cannot act against established powers as can true revolutionary movements. Since the rank and file demand action nevertheless, artificial enemies have to be created. Whatever the purpose of the leadership, it is not long before contemporary hates, bankers and Communists, and the traditional hate, the Jews, are dusted off and refurbished. But necessity forces the elimination of one of the triumvirate and concentration upon the other two. Organizing requires money, and neither the Communists nor the Jews can buy immunity by providing it. In Germany and Italy the bankers and industrialists came across. The movement has not reached this stage in America. The money powers seem insufficiently frightened to dig into their pockets to any serious extent, nor has anyone as yet assumed the mythical character with which heroes must be invested in order to put them across.

Fascism in this country is waiting. The leader has not yet emerged. A merger and concentration of forces will be necessary if the present independent movements are not going to cancel each other. The power of fascism will increase in direct proportion as the efforts of the present administration to bolster up the profit system fail. And last, the growth of a powerful radical movement, even faintly approaching the strength of the German labor movement in pre-Hitler days, would bring the battle into the open. This last, it need hardly be said, can work both ways. The development of a powerful radical movement is probably the only thing that can save this country from eventually going the way of Western Europe.

HAROLD LOEB AND SELDEN RODMAN.

The Harvest

Now among good harvests
The human harvest fails;
The grain and fruit lie on the ground,
The men are stored in jails.

The stem is rotten on the root
And the seed on the stem;
Store away the meager yield
Of men with life in them.

Store them fearfully away—
The fellows who maintain
The right to live as honestly
As fruit and grain.

Wall and lock may have their hour,
But the new crop will be grown
From the seed that's hoarded now
In the barns of stone.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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California's Little Hitlers

THE RECENT San Jose lynching was not a spontaneous mob outbreak. When the papers wrote about a "lynch-crazed mob," this was not factually correct. About twenty people carried through the lynching, and the rest of the people were bystanders. In fact, about four-fifths of the time there was a space of from twenty to thirty yards between the small group of lynchers and the great crowd of people. Many expressions were actually heard in the crowd that the affair was going too far. The San Francisco Chronicle gives a detailed account of the movements of a masked man who was the obvious leader, how he took up a prearranged place behind the jail, coming out only at the exact moment that a physical leader was needed. The Chronicle further tells how careful plans had been laid for the lynching—so careful that the newspaper was able five or six hours before the actual occurrence to place reporters and photographers in key places. The San Francisco Call-Bulletin reports on November 28 that a group of older Vigilantes were meeting and laying their plans for a later lynching "when the lynchings took place at the direction of a younger group."

It is no accident that the first lynching in a "white" state for a number of years took place in California, a land of sunshine and, for the middle classes, comparatively easy living (compared to other states). Many retired people find their way here and live without coming very closely up against the realities. Many of the small coastal resorts have no factories, no industrial workers; the fairy-land of Hollywood is within motoring distance, and the magic castle of William Randolph Hearst—with its private zoo, its castle from Wales lying still packed in its crate, its parties of movie kings and queens. The unbelievable beauty and richness of much of the landscape, the ranches and hills, the rivers and fertile fields, make many people wonder "what on earth the pother is about."

But all this does not make them kindlier or more generous. Just because, perhaps, their security is so dear to them, and rests on so slender a foundation, any threat to it is resented more than in places where the effects of insecurity are more easily observed. All through this summer a continuous series of agricultural strikes under the leadership of a "Red" trade union (Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union) took place. During these strikes, the press, the courts, county and state officials, business organizations, county councils, acted to stimulate fear, hatred and revenge on the part of owners, employers, ranchers, growers, business men and plain citizens. All through the summer these agricultural strikes have been accompanied by violence on the part of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, traffic and other police, American Legion and Vigilante committees. With one or two exceptions, the local newspapers have stirred up rather than softened animosities, have written violent editorials, have moved the populace to fury by colored, sensational stories when they might, by merely reporting truthfully, have allayed passions instead.

It is perhaps no accident that the biggest strike and the worst passions were aroused right around San Jose. It was here that the cherry strike occurred in June, when police first used their clubs and pickaxe handles on a large scale, arresting thirty-four cherry pickers in two days. It was in Watsonville, thirty miles south of San Jose, that reputable citizens—"the best people"—first broke up a Workers' Center, smashing windows and chairs and furniture. No arrests took place. Later the same thing happened in Sunnyvale; no arrests. It was in the San Jose jail that cherry pickers were kept for from nine days to six weeks, lying on the cement floor with no mattresses, dirty blankets, maggoty food. It was Sheriff Emig who refused to let the prisoners wash their blankets, who shouted his hatred (with his deputy Howard J. Buffington) of the "bums" and "Reds." It was the growers of the San Jose district who, during the pear strike of August, met and solemnly considered whether the strike should be put down "legally," by American Legionnaires, or in the good old California Vigilante manner. Earlier in the season, it is widely known among newspapermen, the police of Northern and Southern California had met and decided to put down agricultural strikes by "pickaxe-handle justice." And perhaps it is no accident either that it was at a California university, the campus at Berkeley, that members of the Social Problems Club, an affiliate of the National Students' League, were attacked with tear-gas bombs as they were peacefully selling their campus paper.

An error which occurred in San Jose shows clearly the whipping-up of the spirit of mob violence that has been taking place all summer. On July 13, The San Jose News came out with an eight-column headline, "To Guard Plant From Fires." The article stated that armed guards were patrolling a cannery plant as a result of what was supposed to be an incendiary fire following threats—no, a series of threats—against the plant and its employees. The report wound up:

> Recognizing the danger of serious trouble during the harvest season, Chief Black has ordered long-range tear guns which shoot large gas shells. Sheriff William J. Emig has obtained a large stock of combination nightsticks and gas guns for his deputies and at Sunnyvale Chief of Police Andy Reimer has been given a large stock of tear gas by the City Council.

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The San Francisco Chronicle, Republican organ of "big business" in San Francisco, carried a seven-column heading of inch and a half black type: "Red Fire Plot Bared." The $10 million apricot crop was in jeopardy, 500 Legionnaires were standing by, gas bombs and riot equipment were being dealt out to police. The next morning the rival morning newspaper of San Jose, The Mercury-Herald, carried a front-page story boxed in black type: "Mere Cigarette Puff Grows into Red Fire Plot." A carelessly tossed cigarette had landed on a gunny sack, the sack had smoldered and been put out. Nevertheless, the United Press carried the original story in full that afternoon, adding that police had described it as "an attempt by radicals to destroy the plant." I asked the United Press correspondent (who worked on The News) why he assumed it was radicals who had fired the plant.

"Who else would it be?" was his answer.

And in spite of the morning paper's ridiculing denial of the arson plot, The News that afternoon carried an article stating:

> With rumors of a "red" invasion of Santa Clara County planned for the fruit-canning season which is about to start, canners' representatives conferred today on plans for protecting persons and property should the threatened labor trouble materialize. The canneries, it was learned, planned to hire large numbers of special policemen who will be armed, and will be vested with full authority of regular officers.

Next day came an editorial called "A Warning." A warning to sensation-loving reporters not to create scare stories costing the city hundreds of dollars in unnecessary riot equipment? No. A warning to communists or "trouble-makers" that "our nation has the right form of government and we are not at all interested in what Russia or any other communistic government might want us to do."

Thus there was plenty of tear gas, there were plenty of cops and deputies and fire-hose for fruit pickers or other "violent trouble-makers." It was only when two wretched criminals were in need of protection for their lives that San Jose suddenly found itself with insufficient tear gas, arms, traffic police, special deputies or the private police hired by canners for "red invasions."

All summer it was the same story, but crescendo. During the World War a cartoon appeared in a Dutch paper, comprising four little drawings entitled: "All Quiet on the Western Front." The four pictures were identical—except that in each successive drawing the pile of corpses had grown higher. So this summer, in San Jose, Mountain View, Watsonville, Fresno, El Monte, Oxnard, Lodi, Salinas, the Santa Clara Valley, Monterey, San Pedro, on the Tagus Ranch, in Corcoran, Tulare and the whole San Joaquin Valley—"nothing happened" in the strikes, only more men were arrested, higher bail was set, authorities grew more daring in their disregard of the workers' right to strike and picket, in their flouting of constitutional and civil right. Night Riders started terrorizing Filipino workers, exploding bombs under bunk houses on lonely ranches; Mexican workers were threatened with the bull-pen, with deportation, with forcible "de-lousing." Men were kept in jail without trial, weeks, months, and then their cases dismissed for lack of evidence. And captions, news reports and editorials grew more hissing, fuller of misstatements and the use of invective. Workers and strikers were never "workers" or "strikers"; they were never cotton pickers, cherry pickers, beet toppers, prune pickers. They were "agitators," "reds," "trouble-makers," "dangerous radicals" or (in police terms) "sons-of-bitches." Of course what really happened was that the criminal-syndicalist insurgent reds were raising wages five to ten cents an hour. The courage of Vigilantes and Legionnaires was fortified by implied promises of police and authorities that no harm would come to any American citizen who attacked a worker. Just as Governor Rolph promises no harm to lynchers who lynch kidnapers.

It was in the Lodi grape strike and the San Joaquin Valley cotton strike that the violent inflaming of passion was most seriously sought after and most consistently achieved. On October 4 the morning papers announced the return to mob rule in California on a large scale: "Red Agitators Put to Rout by Vigilantes." "Citizen Army Makes Short Work of Lodi Vineyard Strike." The objects of mob fury in the Lodi grape strike wanted two and a half cents a tray for grape picking instead of one and a half cents; union recognition; release of their jailed comrades (all on trumped-up or framed-up charges); dismissal of scabs and rehiring of old grape pickers under union rules. This strike was completely broken by the courage and disciplined bravery of the ranchers—as completely as Thurmond and Holmes were hanged seven weeks later.

In the cotton strike the passion for justice on the part of the growers took at least three striking workers' lives and the life of a woman who, denied hospital care *because she was a striker's wife,* in the words of the Tulare Welfare Department, died of pneumonia on the ground in one of the Mexican workers' camps. Of sixteen ranchers charged with murder, eight have been dismissed; eight are out on bail.

The Valley seethed for three weeks with editorials in all its eight or ten newspapers, with news stories accusing strikers and strike leaders of venality, with dares to Vigilantes and the Ku Klux Klan to "take a hand." Hundreds of deputies were sworn in daily. The growers were not disarmed, though frantic requests went to state and county authorities, the President and N.R.A. officials, after the Pixley murders, which were murders in cold blood of strikers standing before their strike headquarters. (Was this so different from a lynching, except that the victims were workers instead of kidnapers?)

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In view of the recent "necktie party," the fight for free speech in St. James Park, the pretty little San Jose park in which Hart's kidnapers were lynched, is instructive. An attempt was made to pass an ordinance refusing permits to hold meetings "to attack or defend the principles of any political party or talk on the doctrines of any social or economic system." The San Jose News, which favors free speech IF, said in support of the ordinance, "St. James Park—one of the most beautiful spots in all San Jose—has been practically ruined during the past three years by these public meetings. . . . No public park in any city is for the purpose of permitting Reds and Communists openly to try to stir up trouble against our government." Also in support of the ordinance, the paper remarked, "We have passed through the Park personally and heard a speaker who had under his arm copies of Russian communistic papers to sell." Due to the rapid work of those interested in civil liberties, the ordinance was defeated. But The Mercury-Herald reported:

> Lloyd C. Maynard, superintendent of parks, declared that a promise should be exacted from those who use the park for meetings that they will not desecrate it by destruction of plants and flowers.

Plants and flowers were destroyed, and not by people who were selling copies of "Russian communistic papers," as these two accounts from an International News Service dispatch and a story in The San Francisco Examiner make clear:

> The "lynch trees" in St. James Park were badly scarred when dawn broke today. Members of the Thurmond-Holmes lynching mob hacked out hundreds of "souvenirs" during the hectic night.
>
> Several hundred San Jose citizens openly boasted, "Yes, I have a piece."
>
> Club women discussed the possibility of asking the Park Commission to destroy the trees. . . .
>
> The two elm trees in St. James Park from which the lynching mob hanged Harold Thurmond and Jack Holmes Sunday night will be uprooted and destroyed today.
>
> Definite announcement that the trees, with their sinister connotations, will be destroyed, came from City Manager C. G. Goodwin of San Jose. At the same time city and county authorities were busy effacing all other physical evidence of the furious three-hour battle that preceded the lynching of Brooke Hart's slayers.
>
> The trees were scarred yesterday by the knives of hundreds of souvenir hunters. Some slashed off twigs, other cut off branches which were later chopped into smaller pieces. Still others gouged chunks out of the trunks. City officials and clubwomen agreed that the trees should not be allowed to stand as monuments to the mob triumph.

At the height of the mob's frenzy ("God, I'm excited!" one young girl cried from the height of a soap-box) on November 26, an American Legionnaire in the streets of San Jose was heard to say: "Let's clean out the Reds while we're about it. What are we waiting for?"

ELLA WINTER.

Pan-American Prelude

URUGUAY is living under a barbed-wire dictatorship. The day the American delegation arrived all Uruguayan leaders known to be hostile to President Terra were rounded up and imprisoned. Nevertheless, at the same moment Secretary Hull was being ceremoniously greeted at the quay, the Montevideo police were busy removing red flags and a placard, "Abajo de Hull" fastened to a high, near-by chimney. The chiefs of the opposition to President Terra are the Batlle brothers, members of Uruguay's best known family. They have been in exile in Rio de Janeiro for about a year, but last night one of them turned up in the suburbs of Montevideo, conferred with friends and slipped away in the darkness, presumably for Buenos Aires. The result of all this is that the Uruguayan government is finding great difficulty in keeping its collective mind on the Pan-American Conference.

A North American visitor rapidly finds that the Chaco war is one of those great, labyrinthine questions, like the innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots, from which no one ever emerges quite the same as he went in. The base document involved is the Treaty of San Ildefonso of 1777, and South American diplomatists have been writing conflicting interpretations of it ever since. It seems doubtful whether the Chaco will be brought up directly at the Conference at all. A League of Nations commission of investigation is now in Paraguay, and any action by the Conference would, consequently, be a blow at the authority and prestige of the League. On the other hand, it is being said in every delegation here that if the Conference meets with a war being waged a short distance away, and makes no effort to stop it, no further proof will be needed of the essential frivolousness of the Pan-American Union. Obviously, if the Pan-American Union is to continue to exist, it ought to have some sort of regional connection with the League. But although everyone here talks constantly of this problem, no one seems to be making any effort to work out a solution for it.

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The Roosevelt administration is throwing away a great opportunity here at Montevideo. Never before has Latin America felt so kindly towards us as it does today. The New Deal has had wide publicity throughout Latin America and has begun to capture the imagination of the intellectuals, who down here possess astonishing political power. Most of the delegates here are waiting, with a sort of pleased, self-conscious anticipation, to hear from Mr. Cordell Hull what the New Deal portends for Latin America. However, the pitiful fact is that Mr. Hull does not know, and neither does the Roosevelt administration back in Washington. It is going to be an extremely ungrateful task, during the coming days of the Conference, to make the delegates here understand that Mr. Roosevelt, because of the pressure of the N.R.A., monetary policy and such things, simply has not yet had time to think about Latin America. But it would have been much better if he had openly admitted this instead of raising the hopes of Latin America, and had tacked on the doors of the State Department in Washington a sign reading: "Closed for Temporary Alterations."

It was also a major mistake to send Mr. Hull as head of the American delegation. Granting that all discussion of tariffs and debts will have to be reserved for some future occasion, a great deal of useful exploratory work could have been done here by a delegation which was representative of the New Deal and which possessed the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hull, with all his magnificent sincerity and high-mindedness, is not such a person. He has little sympathy with the New Deal and almost no influence in the administration.

However, the Latin American delegations do not as yet realize this. Mr. Hull has had an immense personal success here at Montevideo. Two days before the Conference opened, he unannounced made the rounds of all the hotels in town, solemnly shaking hands with every delegate he could unearth. It took him from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon, tramping doggedly up and down hotel corridors, but it was a handsome gesture and everyone was very flattered. By now nearly everyone down to the humblest technical assistants of the Central American groups has had a personal word with *"el gran señor* 'Uh." The Latin Americans have heard from their missions in Washington of Mr. Hull's difficulties in office, but, face to face with him, they refuse to credit these tales. Most of them believe Mr. Hull comparable only to Mr. Roosevelt, or perhaps Lincoln or Washington. It must be said that Mr. Hull himself has done nothing to discourage Latin American hopes.

Already this situation has led to one disaster. On board the "American Legion," the ship on which Mr. Hull came to Montevideo, was the Haitian delegation, of which M. Justin Barrau, Haitian Minister of Justice, is chief, and among the members of which is M. Antoine Pierre-Paul, one of the most interesting men at the Conference here. The first day at sea, the Haitians waited upon Mr. Hull in his cabin, and petitioned for the ending of the American fiscal control of their country. According to an executive agreement now in force, American control of Haitian governmental finances is to continue during the life of a $23 million loan floated through the National City Bank, or until 1952. Previously Mr. Hull had had only casual knowledge of the United States occupation of Haiti, and as he learned of its sordid and cruel details, he became strongly indignant.

The ending of this incident is still an official secret. However, there seems to be little doubt that on the day before landing at Montevideo, Mr. Hull either showed the Haitians a memorandum, or else told them about it, in which he recommended to the State Department that immediate steps be taken to withdraw the American Fiscal Representative from Port-au-Prince. There is also good reason to believe that two days later, in Montevideo, a reply was received by Mr. Hull from the State Department reciting the obligations assumed in 1922 by the Haitian government towards American bondholders, and pointing out the complexities of further relaxation of American control. Whatever may have been the exact contents of these communications, it is certain that the Haitians were first led to believe by Mr. Hull that American control would be ended and then told they would have to wait.

So far the Haitian delegation has been preserving a discreet silence. But presumably the story of this episode is going to become known during the Conference. When it does, it is going to baffle the Latin Americans enormously. They will never believe the simple explanation that Mr. Hull was selected as Secretary of State at a time when his low-tariff, laissez-faire policies were generally approved by the Roosevelt group, and that conditions have since changed so completely that he is no longer in touch with the administration, and no longer has influence even with his own subordinates in the State Department. What they are likely to think is that Mr. Hull, instead of being helpless in the situation, is carrying out some treacherous—if incomprehensible—policy of *"imperialismo yanqui."*

Throughout the negotiations with Mr. Hull, M. Pierre-Paul, who is as black as night, never shared the hopes of his chief, M. Barrau, that the United States would deal justly with Haiti. M. Pierre-Paul has perhaps more natural dignity and force of personality than anyone else at this Conference. When American Marines occupied Haiti in 1916, M. Pierre-Paul took to the hills, and spent his personal fortune in arming a band of guerillas. They made one vain, and not very efficient, attempt to retake Port-au-Prince from the Marines. Thereafter M. Pierre-Paul had a price of $5,000, a tremendous sum in Haiti, upon his head, but no one betrayed him.

The Cubans at the Conference are all young, charming, shining-eyed. They have made the rounds

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of the other Latin American delegations, and have everywhere met with friendliness. They have a dramatic story to tell, and they tell it with an almost religious fervor.

Yet somehow these young Cubans seem tragic figures. They have no personal ambitions, and consciously have no class feeling. Their hearts are pure, and they would unhesitatingly die for the humblest Cuban *colono*. They want to do great deeds here at Montevideo for their country. Yet they seem to have no idea of the problem confronting them, or how to begin to solve it. They are a group of well-to-do young men and, except on the subject of the United States, they are about as revolutionary as Mr. Ogden L. Mills and Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr. As the Conference opened, they had a magnificent opportunity to present their case to the world, and mobilize Latin American feeling against the United States. Yet the most they seemed able to think of to ask for was the abrogation of the Platt Amendment. If they can persuade Mr. Roosevelt to end the Platt Amendment, they will be completely satisfied.

They seem entirely oblivious of the hard fact that Cuba's troubles are far more economic than political. They cannot realize, apparently, that so long as Americans own Cuba's sugar centrales and so long as we form Cuba's only market, the abrogation of the Platt Amendment is of purely sentimental importance.

The United States is now, morally at least, on the defensive in regard to Cuba. Mr. Roosevelt has implicitly admitted that we were responsible in part for the Machado regime, and that we owe it to Cuba to make amends. The Cubans ought to seize this chance to obtain a clear, definite understanding with the United States. They ought to ask for a guaranteed sugar quota; most authorities on Cuba believe it should have a quota of 2 million tons a year. There should also be a thorough understanding about the various Machado loans. It should be informally agreed that if the National City and Chase National banks are not willing to make a generous settlement with the Cuban government, Cuba will have the right, without fault-finding by our State Department, to resort to partial default.

If there is ever to be a permanent settlement of the Cuban problem, Cuba must find some way to prevent the greater part of its national income from leaving the island each year. Probably this means, in addition to a reduction of its external loans, some sort of tax on the American-owned sugar centrales. It might also mean the setting up of minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws for workers on the centrales. Such things ought to be talked out and understood both in the United States and Cuba before any sort of definitive agreement between the two governments is arrived at. Otherwise, there is the danger that, the moment Cuba tries to set its economic house in order, trouble will start up again at once.

If the Cubans were to present a comprehensive, understandable program of what they wanted to do—even if it were to sock American bankers and American owners of centrales—they would find considerable popular support in the United States. But the Cubans here have no such program; they have not even begun to think about one. All they know is that the Platt Amendment must be ended. Once that is achieved, apparently, everyone will become good, true, beautiful and happy. The Cuban delegates here are young, heroic and faithful followers of Don Quixote.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Montevideo.

Sound-Money Inflation

IN THE public debate over American monetary policy which has been raging in recent weeks between the "inflationists" and the "sound-money" men, surprisingly little attention has been given either to the present lag between exchange rates and internal prices or to the probable future of the purchasing power of gold. In general the inflationist view, which at present seems to be dominant in administration circles and is back of the gold-buying program, is that the dollar should be depreciated on the foreign exchanges until the internal price level has been restored to the level of 1926. The sound-money view is that the country is threatened with serious inflation, and that the dollar should be immediately stabilized at about its present gold value—say sixty-five cents—in order to prevent this inflation.

In terms of the dollar, gold has risen in price about 55 percent since March—representing a gold value of less than sixty-five cents for the dollar—whereas commodities and wages in the United States have risen a scant 15 percent. In a day when it is the fashion to scoff at economic principles, it is worth while pointing out that there is one proposition which has stood the test of experience since the days of Ricardo: in the countries of the world there is a close, although not an exact, relationship between exchange rates and internal prices, and though this may temporarily be upset for many months because of the greater sensitivity of exchange rates, time and the forces of economic adjustment will bring prices and exchange rates into about the same relationship as before. Hence, even if gold retains the high purchasing power over commodities that it now has in the world, stabilization of the dollar at sixty-five cents would almost certainly, within the next couple of years, raise the commodity price level in the United States somewhere between 25 and 40 percent above the present level. That is, it would about restore the price level which the inflationists are asking for—the level of 1926.

This is only part of the problem, however. Gold at present has a very high purchasing power. It

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was the contention of most of the sound-money men in the days before March, 1933, that the high purchasing power of gold—that is, low commodity prices—was an abnormal phenomenon, and that prices in terms of gold would again rise. If, as seems probable, their view was correct, then stabilization of the dollar at sixty-five cents will end us up with a price level considerably above the level of 1926: if we assume that prices in terms of gold regain one-half of the loss they have suffered since 1929, this stabilization should give a price level about double that which prevailed in the United States when the gold standard was abandoned this year.

The fact is that the sound-money demand for immediate stabilization at the existing rate is really the answer to the inflationists' prayer, but they, knowing that their prayers are not usually answered in Wall Street, fail to realize their good fortune. The sound-money men are so agitated over the prospects of runaway inflation that most of them also appear to have given little thought as to what their proposals for immediate stabilization probably hold in store in the way of a price rise. If the inflationists were wise and had patience they would give the sound-money men the empty victory of stabilization at sixty-five cents, and then rest happy in the thought that time is on the side of a price level even higher than that of 1926.

If there is any reason left in human affairs these days, Washington should sell, not buy gold. For four years America has been operating on the assumption that although the foreigners may have caused the depression, this country must find its way out alone. That idea permeates the present monetary program. The plan seems to be to raise American prices without any thought as to what may happen in the rest of the world. Little consideration appears to have been given to the fact that American prices are tied up not only with the relation between the dollar and gold, but also with the relation between gold and commodities. A rise of prices abroad in terms of gold would do much to alleviate the American price situation. Our gold-buying program is a deflationary influence in other countries, and may end up by dragging France off the gold standard and temporarily driving world prices in terms of gold even lower.

The inflationists are so intent on forcing down the dollar in terms of gold that they forget the problem of the prices of goods in terms of gold, and the implications of present American policy for this second problem. With our huge American gold reserve we could well sell a billion dollars or more to France and the other nations of the gold bloc, thus cheapening gold, bolstering up their prices and helping to hold them on the gold standard. This would not be done with any thought of sacrificing American interests for the sake of Europe, but because, strange as it may seem to the ultra-nationalists, Europe and America have many interests in common. By other operations on the foreign exchanges the Federal Reserve Banks could prevent these sales from appreciating unduly the value of the dollar on the exchanges in terms of gold.

If one feels that the country is headed for runaway inflation unless there is an immediate return to the gold standard, then definitive stabilization will ensure that the dollar will not be associated in history with the *assignats* and the paper mark. But if one gives official Washington credit for having some sense and a little courage, then immediate stabilization at the present rate should be opposed, not because it is a nefarious plot of the financial interests to saddle on debtors and business the present price level, but because it is a hasty step, prompted by fear rather than reason, which will probably, within the next two or three years, give us a greater price rise than even the inflationists are asking for. The rational policy is to abandon the present gold-buying program, postpone definitive stabilization until we have a clearer idea as to what will happen to the value of gold, and in the meantime sell gold abroad and help the nations of the gold bloc to remain on the gold standard.

FRANK WHITSON FETTER.

A Setback for the Power Trust

THE PRIVATE power companies in the South, long the most powerful and obdurate interest in the section, have finally had to give ground. All during the depression they stood fast in their refusal to grant rate reductions. But within recent weeks a change has taken place. The companies have been unable to withstand the onslaughts of speeches by Director David E. Lilienthal of the Tennessee Valley Authority and applications of cities and towns in the Tennessee Valley for T. V. A. power.

The Tennessee Valley Authority was created six months ago. It meant the beginning of a new power policy, not only for the South but for the nation. Since the T.V.A. announced that the two major objectives of its power policy were more effective protection of the public against unreasonable rates and financial abuses by private utilities and a greatly increased use of electricity, the following significant developments have taken place:

> The Georgia Public Service Commission ordered the Georgia Power Company to cut rates by 3 to 37½ percent, amounting to an annual saving for power users of the state of $668,200.
>
> Rates in Alabama have been reduced approximately 23 percent.
>
> In Memphis, Tennessee, the day after the city applied for T.V.A. power, the Memphis Power and Light Company, subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share, offered to reduce its rates.
>
> The Tennessee Power Company has cut the light bill of the city of Chattanooga.
>
> The Mississippi Power Company has offered to reduce rates in northeastern Mississippi, but the towns are not interested. They want T.V.A. power. Tupelo,

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Mississippi, was the first town in the Tennessee Valley to sign a contract for T.V.A. power.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, twenty-five miles from Norris Dam, the citizens by a two-to-one vote approved a $3,225,000 bond issue with which to build a municipal transmission system which would tie in with a T.V.A. power line at the city limits. A few days later the Tennessee Public Service Company, the Electric Bond and Share subsidiary which serves Knoxville, wired Public Works Administrator Ickes and the State Public Works Administration asking for an opportunity to be heard on the city of Knoxville's application for the loan. It also wrote a letter to the City Council asking for a conference to discuss the matter.

Since the T.V.A. came to the Tennessee Valley, the power interests have had only one victory. The Alabama Power Company succeeded in having municipal power voted down in Birmingham. Money flowed freely in the campaign; the amount has been estimated to range from $50,000 to $100,000. Birmingham was the first city in the Valley to vote on the purchase of T.V.A. power and the power interests considered the outcome there of primary importance. However, Knoxville didn't follow suit. No election has been called in any other Valley city, but ground work is being done in Chattanooga, seat of the Tennessee Power Company.

Meanwhile, Director Lilienthal is spreading the gospel of cheap power throughout the South. He has spoken in Chattanooga, Memphis, Atlanta and Asheville. He has set as the goal of the T.V.A. the electrification of America. It should be noted that in all his addresses Mr. Lilienthal speaks of the T.V.A.'s power policy as national, not sectional or regional. He wants to electrify not only the Tennessee Valley but all of America. Regulation of private power companies by state utility commissions has had a fair trial, over a period of twenty-five years. He thinks that many have failed in their purpose. "Instead of regulating the utilities, the utilities have been regulating the regulators," he said, referring to states in which regulation has been ineffectual.

The T.V.A. wants to try a new method of regulation—the yardstick. It intends to engage in the power business to see just how much it costs to manufacture and distribute power. Only in this way can the public know whether the rates being charged by private power companies are fair. In order to make this test certain conditions must exist. It is not enough for the T.V.A. to have a market. For instance, much of the Tennessee Valley is sparsely settled; the homes are so few and far apart that the private companies have not cared to serve them. The Tennessee Valley Authority intends to bring electric lights and power to these homes, but this is not where it will apply the yardstick. It needs a city for such a test, and Knoxville, for one, will be a T.V.A. laboratory. In Knoxville it will compete directly with the Tennessee Public Service Company.

So much for the yardstick. The second main objective of the T.V.A.'s power policy is a constantly increasing use of electricity. This it intends to bring about by drastically reducing present rates and by having the cost of electrical appliances lowered. Mr. Lilienthal has pointed out that in this country the use of electricity has fallen behind the installation of power-generating facilities. In the Tennessee Valley, he said, privately owned companies already have facilities to generate 30 to 40 percent more electricity than is consumed; yet the T.V.A. is building the Norris Dam and the Joe Wheeler Dam, both of which will produce power and at the same time double the horsepower at the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals.

The situation is the same in other parts of the country, yet additional power dams are being erected. Boulder Dam, when completed in 1937, will add 4,330 million kilowatt hours to the nation's annual supply of electrical energy. Two big power projects are under way at Grand Coulee, on the Columbia River, and at Bonneville, in Oregon, while the state of New York and the Dominion of Canada are making plans for a power development on the St. Lawrence River with an installed capacity of 2,200 million horsepower.

Why build more dams when the present power-generating facilities are already more than adequate to meet the present consumption? Mr. Lilienthal furnishes the answer.

In this country the average family uses fifty kilowatt hours of electricity a month. "This represents a parsimonious and niggardly use of a great national resource," Mr. Lilienthal said. "We know that that amount can be increased several times, for in some sections of our country and in our neighbor country of Canada that very thing has been accomplished." He pointed out that in Tacoma, Washington, where there is a municipal plant, the average monthly consumption is 104 kilowatt hours and in Ontario it is 150. "It is evident," said the T.V.A.'s power-policy spokesman, "that we have electricity in almost unlimited abundance. The people need and want this electricity. The problem is how to put it into the homes, the farms and the factories of the United States."

This is how it can be done:

First, by drastic revision downward of the rates. Present rates, with notable exceptions, he said, "constitute a barrier between the people and the great resource of electricity." The T.V.A. has announced a rate schedule that represents such a drastic reduction.

Second, by wide distribution of electrical appliances. These appliances are now out of reach of the average home. This is especially true of the heavy-use appliances such as electric ranges, water heaters, refrigerators and heating and air-conditioning apparatus.

At present these appliances are expensive, not because of the material and labor cost in them but

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because of the cost of financing and selling them, Mr. Lilienthal said. The T.V.A., he added, has "a definite plan for this phase of the program which is nearing completion, with the coöperation of many interests." This is the message that Director Lilienthal has been preaching in the South. It is a message that is bringing hope to the housewife, the farmer and the manufacturer, and despair to the power companies. JOHN T. MOUTOUX.

Washington Notes

Douglas, Peek and the Liberals—All Things to All Men—Too Much Conciliation?—The Secret of Success

SINCE the Peek-Tugwell controversy in the Agricultural Administration, settled by the President with a typical compromise concerning which neither side is particularly happy, there has been a great deal of discussion here about "basic questions," "fundamental principles" and "vital issues." I agree that, as between Mr. Peek and the liberals of the Tugwell-Frank group, a principle was involved which affected the whole philosophy of the New Deal, which should not be compromised and which ultimately will have to be fought out to a finish. However, it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt, having to his own satisfaction at least and by a combination of subtlety and personal charm averted the explosion which threatened, still faces in another form pretty much the same situation. To be plain about it, he has got to choose in dealing with the Congress, which will convene a few days after these words are printed, whether to veer toward the Left or the Right. It is as certain as anything can be that here again he will want to compromise, but these compromises in the matter of direction are becoming increasingly difficult for him. Soon or late he must take a step that will stamp him as one thing or the other.

At the moment, pressure of unusual strength is being put on him by both sides. From the progressives, who give to his program the most sincere support of any political group, he is being advised that this is no time to weaken. On the contrary, it is pointed out that the crisis is still with us, that his policies have achieved only partial success, that the whole program is bound to sag if there is a diminution in either the spirit or the practical force behind it. What the progressives think he should do is to go much farther in the direction in which he started. Nothing, they believe, could be more fatal than to falter now.

Hence, they insist upon greater appropriations—much greater—for public works, another half-billion for federal relief, a tightening up and extension of N.R.A. authority, a taxation program that will step toward the goal of redistribution of wealth, a means of eliminating the tax-exempt feature of federal, state, county and municipal securities, and a general march forward of the whole recovery machinery. In these matters they have the support of the truly liberal element within the administration, and there is no doubt their views will be—in fact, I am in position to say have been—forcefully presented to the President.

On the other hand, it is a well recognized fact that the conservative element believes that the President is impressed with the necessity of balancing the budget; that he will not permit the "Wild Men from the West" to run away with him; that when the time comes he can be counted upon to exercise every ounce of his strength to prevent further inflation; that his real goal is a return to the gold standard. It is known that, despite his urbanity and nonchalant air, he has felt the criticism of his policies and resents the effort to make them appear socialistic and himself radical. He wants very much to confound these critics, to show the newspapers which have been shivering and shuddering over the Warren gold-purchase plan that they were seeing things under the bed, and that their alarm and apprehension were unjustified. He would, I think, love to make the conservative New York papers, for example, seem silly, and would greatly enjoy laughing at their editors. Also, those who know him best know that he wants to retain the services and personal support of Budget Director Douglas, for exactly the same reasons he did not want to lose Mr. Peek. He exerted himself to a most extraordinary extent to keep Mr. Peek from doing the logical thing, which, of course, was to get out altogether. He will, it is believed, go even further to keep Mr. Douglas within the administration regardless of the fact that Douglas is as completely out of sympathy with the administration program and the basic New Deal philosophy as a man can be.

Douglas and Peek evidently are becoming convinced that the President's left-wing gestures are designed to keep the liberals in line and avoid forcing them to extremes, but that at bottom he is essentially a "sound-money man" with his "feet on the ground." What really is happening is that Mr. Roosevelt is playing the game so as to keep a certain sort of protective conservative scenery in the administration, while he continues to hold the support of the progressives by going in their direction. If he goes as far as they want, the breach between him and the conservatives, of course, will be complete. If he does not go a considerable distance, however, they will lose their enthusiasm for him and again form an independent political group.

There is already the feeling among both liberals and conservatives that altogether too much conciliation is going on. The former are restive because they see in General Johnson a tendency, with presidential approval, to be more tender with industry and less sympathetic with labor than is consistent with their conception of the true purposes of the administration program. In this tendency they see a desire upon the part of the General to lessen the criticism to which he has been subjected and to dissociate himself in the eyes of the big industrialists, with whom he has always trained, from the liberal element here. In Mr. Roosevelt's support they see a desire upon the President's part to prevent anything like solidarity of industrial opposition to the N.R.A. doctrines in the East. On the other side, the intimate contact with the President of such men as Senators Johnson of California, Norris of Nebraska and Thomas of Oklahoma, coupled with the triumph of Wallace and Tugwell in the clash with Peek, make the conservatives feel like complete outsiders and give the President's assurance that no radical steps are contemplated a hollow sound in their ears.

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The whole business comes down to this—here are two widely different and utterly irreconcilable elements, both represented in the administration and neither able with any degree of real confidence to claim the President as their own. I wrote above that the course of placating both sides was impossible in the long run. Upon second thought, I do not know whether that is true in this case or not. It ought to be, but it may not be. The reason is the tremendous personal popularity of the President among the masses of the people, who know little about "vital issues," have no "basic principles," make no fine distinctions, but are simply with him because he has appealed to their imaginations and inspired them with hope. Furthermore, the improvement in the general state of the national health in the last nine months has been pronounced, and to Mr. Roosevelt credit is bound to be given for this, just as credit is given him for the repeal of prohibition, to the intense irritation of some of our leading statesmen who were for repeal long before the Roosevelt position was known.

There is still behind Mr. Roosevelt so great a popular support, caring little and knowing less about the different schools, groups, elements and factions which make up our political life, that the politicians among both conservatives and liberals are pretty well forced to go along with him so long as he does not wholly cut loose from them. Neither element, of course, will be satisfied with anything short of complete support. Neither wants a leader who follows the middle road and waves no flag. But, so long as the people are behind him and he presents no clear-cut issue, the severance of relations by political leaders of whatever breed is not likely. They can present their views, make their protests, urge their ideas; but, with a President who sympathetically assures them that he understands, and never throws a plan out the window, and has the people with him, they are forced to go along. This, of course, does not apply to those who are not in politics, and from some of them inside the administration a genuine break may come. But for the politician, with a President as skillful and resourceful as this one, there is no alternative—until and unless the President makes the break himself.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Busy Pyramid Builders—Warning the Heedless —How the Lincoln Building Fell— Protection for Whom?

THE Senate Banking Committee, which has its spotlight on Wall Street, covers such a range of incidents that the newspapers cannot keep up with it. One such incident thus lost to the public eye was the adventure of one group of our famous pyramid builders—the gentlemen who put up the great Lincoln Building in New York City. Putting up buildings was one of the juicy pastimes of these Men Who Were Making America. They covered the land and invaded the sky with them and now, in most cases, the securities they sold to the eager public are of little more value than the leaves which Mr. Roosevelt's C.C.C. boys are raking.

The Lincoln Building stands on Forty-second Street, not far from the "Crossroads of the World." It cost something like $24 million—land and building.

The money was raised as follows:

First-mortgage bonds	$16,000,000
Second-mortgage bonds	5,500,000
Preferred stock	3,150,000
	$24,650,000

The first-mortgage and second-mortgage bonds were offered to the public. The preferred stock was sold to the organizing syndicate.

In addition, 600,000 shares of common stock were issued. These shares were given as follows:

To the organizers.....	435,000
To bankers	110,000
To second-mortgage buyers....	55,000
	600,000

Nothing whatever was paid for this stock. It was a pure bonus. Now take one glance at this operation in order to see how wizards of finance who get hundreds of thousands a year for their wizardry manage matters. The common stock was the equity stock. The equity furnished by the promoters, therefore, as a margin of safety for the preferred stock and the bonds, was zero. If you consider the $3,150,000 put up by them for the preferred stock as equity, then the equity was something like 14 percent. The building was mortgaged up to 86 percent of its value. Do you have to be an expert to know that is unsound finance? Did the bankers know this? Well, they had plenty of warning. Mr. Frederick Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, warned against the loan. So did Lee, a Chase Bank director. (This was one of the little adventures of the Chase Bank crowd.) Furthermore, another Chase Bank director warned the ringleaders. He consulted one of the leading engineering firms in New York, which had a special familiarity with the site of this building, and this firm warned against the enterprise. It insisted that the land was not worth the sum it supposed was to be paid for it—namely, between $7 and $8 million. As a matter of fact, at the moment, the promoters had arranged to pay $11 million for it.

Just how good was this investment for the people who bought the bonds? The promoters were never able to rent the building at rates which would pay, based on the excessive capitalization. Hence, it was hardly finished before the project was in default. In the end the holders of the first-mortgage bonds had to foreclose, and under that foreclosure the building was sold at public auction. The highest outside bid, made by one of the leading real-estate dealers in New York, was $4,500,000. The building was bid in for the bondholders at a slightly higher figure.

The second-mortgage notes were completely wiped out. The stock, of course, is also extinguished. This is not so sad, because it was held by the promoters; the scheme went sour before they could sell any of it. Thus the public was saved from that loss.

Who held these first-mortgage notes? Were they speculation-crazed Americans who were maddened by the hunger

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for profits? Of course not. They were the most conservative investors, who bought 5½-percent gold mortgage bonds on the recommendation of our leading bankers. They didn't know, of course, that some of the bankers who recommended the bonds were in on the scheme. As a matter of fact, the case is a little blacker than that. It illustrates one of the most complete bits of treason to their own system which these men perpetrated. Shortly after the plan got under way, the bankers began to make arrangements to have these first-mortgage bonds put on the official list as available for trust funds. And they succeeded. They were then able to sell many of these bonds to trust estates managed by trust companies supposedly in the interest of the estates. Needless to say, the estates, quite helpless, have had to bear the loss.

The last chapter is, of course, a familiar one. When the collapse of this ill starred enterprise came around in due time and the bonds went into default, a protective committee was formed to protect these victimized bondholders. A letter was sent out asking the bondholders for their authorization. That letter assured them that the gentlemen named for the committee had no interest whatsoever in the equities—that is, the stock. Yet the committee was actually named by the Chase crowd which had engineered the whole project and was composed of at least some men who were directly connected with the Chase Bank or its subsidiaries. The bondholders therefore found themselves in the hands of the very men who had cooked up the little deal which brought them such losses.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Man of the Renaissance

The Man of the Renaissance, by Ralph Roeder. New York: The Viking Press. 540 pages. $3.50.

IN WRITING of so impressive or even haunting a book as "The Man of the Renaissance" one is tempted in so brief a review as this to be a little handsome oneself. Some subtle or comparative vanity, perhaps, or else some exaltation of admiration or profound excitement, suggests an effort toward a like plane of worthiness. It is more honest and useful, however, to try for some description or indication of the intention, the design, the outer and inner sources and such aspects of the book.

As for myself, there was a time when I would not have put out the handful of personal facts about to follow. But lately I have come to think that one may owe to the subject in hand the comment or support of certain exact items, however personal. Cutting it short, then, I will say that I once did a university thesis—whatever that may imply—on Savonarola, plus later readings in Florence. I have read considerably in Machiavelli and among his Italian critics and interpreters—De Sanctis, for example; and I made what, despite its fame as the leading classic Italian comedy, was the first translation in English of "La Mandragola." Of Castiglione I know only the usual matter, plus something of Urbino, where "The Courtier" is laid. The sexy side of the Renaissance has pushed Aretino into fairly popular acquaintance these latter years, not to speak of the fact that you could not know Titian without something of Aretino. Besides Colonel Young's, I know diverse Medici books, besides some of the poems by Lorenzo and his circle. And of the figures in and out of the book, the d'Estes, the Gonzagas, Sansovino, Michelangelo, Bibbiena, Berni, Titian, the popes, we could scarcely stay in Italy without some acquaintance with them, just as a study of Botticelli naturally leads us to the Platonism of Ficino.

Setting it down like that, bang, seems to me, with regard to Mr. Roeder's book, a better method than cross references to this work or that—Prezzolini's "Niccolo Machiavelli, the Florentine," for example—by way of asserting one's right to comment, or checking up the historian on his data. It enables me to say, without being too much distrusted, that there are a few cases where Mr. Roeder's use of some story or detail might have been given as not indisputably authentic or as representing one out of various opinions. Just as we may assume, however, that if we can see his Venus' neck is somewhat long, Botticelli could see it also (if not he could have called in the cook), I take it that if I know such items, Mr. Roeder certainly does and that he makes his own use of them for his own effects. Indeed, his use of external history for the complex inner purposes of his book seems to me accurate to a quite brilliant degree. There is one other point, historically speaking, where I would amend Mr. Roeder's method, and that is the inclusion of more dates. I am one who feels sheer time to be to a history an element such as height is to a tower. In these biographical popular days, of course, dates are pleasantly removed like grit from spinach. Mr. Roeder's work is not in this class; it is, too, possible that I must grant him his scarcity of dating as suitable to the intention of his book, which we shall presently see.

The second advantage of using my modest credentials is that I can say that, so far as I know, the cultural security of this historical study of *Italian* material is superior to any book I know in English. I do not mean scholarship, sympathetic approach, and all those devotions, defenses, hypocrisies, true insights, gossipy or careful researches that have accompanied our English interpretations of Italian art, people or history. I mean that the whole of "The Man of the Renaissance" proceeds unbrokenly within a profound Italian sense. The account is never soft, because the life in the author's material speaks to him for itself; and for the same reason he is not explanatory, on the defensive or anxious to interpret for us, or to persuade us to, his subject. For this reason figures like Titian, Bembo, Caesar Borgia, Charles V, Giovanni delle Bande Nere, Federigo Gonzaga, Lorenzo de Medici and all that Renaissance host move in and out of the scene simply and with the right air and quality. As we see them, they are special to this book and proceed, like most of the material presented, outward from some central meaning and interpretation.

The scheme of the book, as the grave and beautiful foreword sets forth, takes four figures that illustrate four phases of the vivid life of this age and that taken together compose the man of the Renaissance. The Renaissance seen as an epoch, energy, abundance and triumph is familiar to us all; the vitality, the new life and so on. Its triumphs are preserved in art, its reverses in its spiritual history. Behind this was the special Italian case; a high civilization, on one hand; on the other, intense individualism. In art the individual found the freedom of self-expression, but in life

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the result was confusion and spiritual turmoil. Of the four men chosen not one, accordingly, is an artist. In the Italian Renaissance Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino belong to the crises of its religious, political and social disintegration. They present aspects of life in which the Renaissance man had to draw breath, discover himself, survive or perish. Mr. Roeder's history might lead you at first to think that you will find a discussion of each of these four subjects, one after another; but the design is in fact far more subtle. Savonarola for a time holds the floor, but presently Machiavelli by a fine transition appears, and the interweaving begins of what their two minds and spirits signify. Castiglione winds even more in and out of Machiavelli's world; and in Aretino, around by way of Rome, rulers and at length Venice, the line proceeds downward into the rich, final glory and slime. This arrangement of the historical units is itself a triumph. It is so contrived as to move the whole history inward toward one life, so to speak; an elusive and imaginative spiritual panorama that is the most creative thing about the book.

It is only fragmentary criticism to mention the way in which the account of Savonarola creates a great theme or motif out of the friar's relation to men: the first apartness, the exalted indignation and eloquence through which later he rejoined the people, then the converts, the mob, then the mourning disciples; or the author's admirable establishment of that drama, in Savonarola, of acumen, fanaticism, political insight and many other characteristics, too difficult and complex for any but a very botched image of this extraordinary man to persist among us. Nor can we recount the many and exquisite facets of Machiavelli, his life and friends as they are given to us. There is also a fine technical subtlety by which, from the unescapable impression of softness that Castiglione must present to us at the outset, we are led to that loyal conclusion of his life in Spain, and, through the quotation of what men like Charles V and François I said of Castiglione, are made to see the qualities of him that his famous book conveys but that are not easy to describe. The interpretation of Aretino seems to me right in its full essence; it is not merely brazen, handsome and bawdy, but is touched with an early pathos, finely graded, is full, and seething with the times, is in fact superb.

Mr. Roeder's debt to Lytton Strachey will, and can, be pointed out. It was doubtless superficially a benefit to him; but it may have encouraged in Mr. Roeder now and then what to me is a useless defect, I mean those bits put in to give vividness—"The duke glanced at his ring before he said," etc., to make up an example. If some chronicler has recorded this item about the duke, and the item counts, I should like it put in, though always with some indication that it is authentic detail; otherwise the freshening-up business merely stops me with a query, though its purpose may be more than obvious. Mr. Roeder, however, does this far less than most biographers. I should not mention it except (first) to take note of the Strachey influence which everybody will expect us to mention, and (second) to say that though Strachey in his "Queen Victoria," for instance, is more suave and even and patently distinguished, Mr. Roeder is capable of a richer complexity of mood and substance. Compared to his Machiavelli or Aretino, "Elizabeth and Essex," out of the same general Renaissance world, is thin, external and slanted.

Doubtless Mr. Roeder has left out many modern parallels or implications; but doubtless, also, there are plenty of people with plenty of modern parallels to hand, now that he provides the knowledge, along with content that is permanent rather than dated.

In some respects Mr. Roeder's treatment of such of his characters as Savonarola or especially Machiavelli may suggest a degree of failure in them that the long reach of their genius and thought into later times will not seem to warrant. In a sense this is true obviously; for with what brilliance Machiavelli is now a success! But this is not Mr. Roeder's purpose. What he is trying to do is to create for us that passionate sense of new ideals, confusion, struggle, imperfect achievement, by which these men (and through all the four in this book, the man of the Renaissance) were upheaved and their vitality set going. The history here written is not about the future, but of that very day as it was lived in their lives and souls. The whole central impulse of this history is poetic; and from that derives its luminous accuracy. STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Should We Recognize Cuba?

SIR: I am sure that the readers of The New Republic, who are accustomed to look to your paper for sharp, incisive thinking and frequently depend on it when definitely making up their minds on a given subject, would appreciate further elaboration of your views on the matter of recognition of the Grau San Martin regime in Cuba.

Does The New Republic favor recognition of the Grau government irrespective of whether or not it has a representative character, affords hope of stability and is capable of respecting the law and maintaining order?

If so, is this because of any particular quality of the Grau government not mentioned above, which makes it worthy of The New Republic's sympathy, or because of the fact that you believe that the United States should adopt the policy of recognizing any government anywhere, whatever its merits or respectability, provided it governs?

If this is the case it would seem that, before recognizing the Grau government, the United States must, on this important point, first entirely revise its foreign policy, which in the past has conformed to the traditional standards governing recognition. Or should an exception be made with Grau, and why?

The question whether a change of policy at the present time would be opportune or prove fair to Cuba is also deserving of careful consideration. Such a fundamental revision in the presence of a specific case is always dangerous and would in itself be taken to reveal partiality in Cuba's internal problem.

At present the United States may consistently and with good reason refuse to recognize the Grau government, simply because it does not conform to its standards in the matter of recognition. Yet such an attitude has been considered discriminatory and the cry has been raised by Grau's friends that the United States is passively intervening in Cuba against his government. Can you picture the roar that will be set up by his opponents the moment they discover that the United States has gone to the length of reversing its traditional policy for the specific purpose of accommodating him?

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And would they not be right? Would not recognition, under such circumstances, indicate a decided purpose to support and strengthen his government to the detriment of its adversaries—who claim, with no unworthy display of fact and reason, that it is no more than the puppet of a mutinous army, and remains in power by sheer physical force against the practically unanimous will of the Cuban people?

Would this not, if true, be intervention in its worst form?

New York City. JUAN ANDRES LLITERAS.

[The editors of The New Republic hold no brief for the Grau San Martin government. They believe that the policy of making recognition the equivalent of moral approval should be abandoned at once, and universally. It would be easy for our government to make it clear that this was not done with reference to the situation in Cuba. Moreover, American recognition is no guarantee of survival, even in Cuba. Machado was recognized; and Machado fell.—THE EDITORS.]

The Star Didn't Do It

SIR: Chester T. Crowell's reference to The Kansas City Star ["The Press Gets a Code," The New Republic, December 20] is absolutely untrue. I have been with the paper a quarter of a century myself and this practice (of withholding the first two weeks' pay of a new employee and giving it to him when he left the paper) was never followed in my time. Older men say there never was such a practice. Moreover, The Star has not cut the salary of a single editorial employee from office boy up, during the present depression.

ROY ROBERTS,
Kansas City, Mo. Managing Editor.

Lynchers in Maryland

SIR: There are some facts about the situation in Maryland which readers of The New Republic ought to know, in addition to those given in Mr. Gerald W. Johnson's article ("Maryland: Storm Warning," The New Republic, December 20). Mr. Johnson says that errors made by the judges before whom Euel Lee was tried were taken advantage of by the lawyer for the International Labor Defense. In part, at least, the questions involved dealt with the right of Negroes to serve on juries—the same question which has made the Scottsboro case a national issue. Judge Duncan of Maryland, when asked if he had excluded Negroes from consideration for jury service, replied that he had not considered them at all.

After the Armwood lynching, affidavits naming nine members of the mob were obtained, not by the Attorney-General, but by John L. Spivak, reporter for The Daily Worker, whose disclosures were afterwards published in that paper and in The Baltimore Post.

According to The New York Times of October 29, Governor Ritchie announced after the Armwood lynching that Armwood had been taken from Baltimore to Princess Anne without his (the Governor's) knowledge, that he was without authority in the matter, that he had then been informed by Judge Duer of Somerset County, after Armwood had been taken to Princess Anne, that Armwood was safe. Four hours later Armwood was lynched before Judge Duer's home. Judge Duer was one of the judges who afterwards freed the accused members of the mob and refused to grant a delay for the state to prepare its case.

New York City. ROBERT CANTWELL.

SIR: The Attorney-General of Maryland has not as yet been given a chance to make public his evidence and the names of his witnesses; I am, therefore, not prepared to say where his evidence was obtained. Nor was Armwood lynched in front of Judge Duer's home. One of the Judge's trees was, indeed, considered as a gallows, but the Judge happened to be giving a dinner party that night, so the mob politely moved a few blocks down the street. After that, can one question the Eastern Shoremen's respect for the law?

Baltimore, Md. GERALD W. JOHNSON.

An Appeal from Tom Mooney

SIR: Last May I was acquitted, by an instructed verdict, on one indictment arising from the Preparedness Day bombing in 1916. On another indictment in the same case I am still serving a life sentence, eighteen years of it now, for a crime the state of California itself acknowledges I did not commit. The powerful California bankers and industrialists who framed me in the first place did not dare let me present my defense in the 1933 trial.

But I *am* planning to present my defense, in printed form: a complete story of the entire Mooney case—the first ever written in detail—is now being prepared and will soon be published in a 132-page book. It is of vital importance that this exposure of my frame-up be given wide circulation.

Early in 1934, my attorneys, Frank P. Walsh and John F. Finerty, will seek to obtain a writ of habeas corpus in the United States Supreme Court. Action may have to be taken first in the two lower federal courts. This means a tremendous burden on my defense committees. Every believer in my innocence is asked to arrange for mass meetings, demonstrations and parades, and for the formation of committees to appeal in person or by letter or wire to the President, the Attorney General, Senators and Representatives, urging their coöperation on my behalf.

A two-reel film produced by Bryan Foy, entitled "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney," is being distributed by First Division Exchange, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Will you ask your local theatre to show this film? And will you get publicity for it when it is shown? My defense committee will be glad to send you a press sheet giving you an idea of this powerful film. Those opposed to my freedom have blocked distribution of the picture by the major distributing exchanges, but you can do your part to bring it to your town. Half of the net proceeds go to my defense.

I have only sixty cents to my credit on the prison books; I have been unable for six months to order any prison commissaries. My defense committee is $3,500 in debt, but my defense work must not be suspended; the story of my case must be repeated aloud, by printed word and motion picture till I am free.

Will you help me in this desperate financial situation? Address all communications and make all funds payable to Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, California.

San Quentin, Calif. TOM MOONEY, 31921.

Extracts from Letters

AMONG the many letters we have received on the San Jose lynching is one from Meyer Kurz, of New York City, who calls upon all cultured and enlightened people to support a federal anti-lynching law and to work toward federal action against Governor Rolph. "Centuries of progress and enlightenment," he writes, "may be nullified and the hands of the clock turned back to the Dark Ages if this mob hysteria is not checked." The California League of Women Voters, through its president Harriet J. Eliel, sends a copy of a message which was wired to Governor Rolph, declaring that "The statement issued by you following the lynching in San Jose is in plain violation of your oath of office, is subversive to law and order and is a practical invitation to further mob violence."

Ella Winter, writing for the Northern California Branch of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, sends an appeal for those writers and artists who cannot contribute money for the Scottsboro defense to contribute work that can be turned into money—manuscripts, paintings, caricatures or any original work might be sold. The Committee will hold an exhibition in San Francisco in early January to which admission will be charged, and the original works will then be sold at auction. All proceeds will go to the Scottsboro Defense Fund. The work should be sent to Langston Hughes, Carmel, California. "We should appreciate a statement, by artists and intellectuals, of their opinion on the Scottsboro case and its handling by the law in Alabama," Miss Winter writes. "We are contemplating a pamphlet composed of such statements by well known American writers and artists."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Influence of James Joyce

IN THE rush of current critical debate, including the discussions of Marxian criticism, the really dominant literary figure of modern times has suffered a curious neglect. "Ulysses" was completed in 1921. In the years since then there have been literally hundreds of novels written in its shadow, and while a considerable body of criticism has grown up around Joyce's work, it has been largely interpretation, defense or attack, rather than an attempt to get at the meaning of the widespread acceptance of Joyce's ideas and methods. Yet even a passing acquaintance with recent fiction makes it clear that Joyce's work has left a deeper, a more readily perceptible mark, than that of any of the masters of the immediate past—certainly a deeper mark than has been made by Proust or Gide or Mann, and certainly, despite the recent attempt of champions to read a depth of meaning into his career, a deeper impression than has been made by the novels of D. H. Lawrence. Unlike most literary influences, which—by definition—must be intuitively recognized rather than measured and substantiated, that of Joyce can be clearly traced through the tangle of modern writing, primarily because the technical discoveries he has made have been so widely adopted—and it must be remembered that the echo of a phrasing or of a method gives only a hint of what has gone on behind the scenes, barely suggesting the extent to which other aspects of a writer's work and life have dominated the imaginations of his followers.

For the sake of convenience, his influence can be separated into its three aspects: the influence of his technical discoveries, of the general attitude toward experience most eloquently expressed in his work, and of his personal career. The separation is arbitrary. The reader who responds to a writer's technique will also respond to his message, and a knowledge of a writer's career, no matter how fragmentary or ill founded such knowledge is, influences *any* judgment that is passed on his work, regardless of whether the reader wants to exclude such information or not. But to consider Joyce's technique. In the ten years since the publication of "Ulysses," novelists have modified and reworked and experimented with Joyce's methods with a persistence unlike anything in literary history. The only parallel I can think of is the quick absorption of Marlowe's blank verse into Elizabethan drama, which seems to have taken place very rapidly. The results of Joyce's influence, unfortunately, spoil this analogy, but the processes are roughly similar. It began almost as soon as "Ulysses" was published. Even F. Scott Fitzgerald paid his tribute in a section of "This Side of Paradise" and Herbert Gorman wrote "Gold by Gold" when the first copies of Joyce's masterpiece, smuggled in through underground channels and distributed in secret, were reaching the always limited audience in this country.

The spread of Joyce's technical devices has constantly increased, and not only in the sense that more writers have employed them. They are being used more skillfully and with greater discrimination. A comparison of the recent novels of Edward Dahlberg, William Faulkner and James Farrell, for example, with such very early attempts as those of Fitzgerald or Gorman or Melvin Levy, does more than establish the relative talent of these authors. It clearly illustrates the *process* by which Joyce's methods are becoming incorporated into the cultural equipment of our time. To call this imitation is superficial; what we are really witnessing, if the whole broad field of advanced contemporary fiction is viewed, is a period in which the methods Joyce developed are being studied and tested, their applicability to different kinds of situations gauged, their possibilities explored. The first followers stayed close to the sort of situations Joyce himself wrote of, but the more recent writing includes Sean O'Faolain's stories of the Irish Revolution, Farrell's picture of an express office, Dahlberg's of a Cleveland orphanage, Faulkner's Southern melodrama, Cummings' travel diary, even Sinclair Lewis' clumsy attempt to communicate an impression of a literary party with these delicate instruments. And it would be possible to name a hundred other English and American novels which are equally illustrative, the greater number of them, again unfortunately, of interest for no other reason.

In what particular ways are Joyce's methods superior for communicating the complex phenomena and the involved psychological relationships of the modern world? It should be remembered that no other novelist has introduced formal changes so daring or so imaginative. The realistic novel evolved out of the extended anecdote, the story told in epistle form and out of the drama; and awkward though it is, with its formal alternation of dialogue, description, summary, it served for a century to carry the burdens that even the most observant and imaginative writers put upon it. But for Joyce—and no doubt for others who never reached a solution—the modern world, even the modern world of Dublin in 1904, presented scenes and relationships too complex to be packed into this framework. It is enough to point out, as one example, Joyce's attempts to capture in prose those complex mechanical sounds which are so heavy a part of modern urban life, and which writers of the past, never having heard, felt no need to express. Joyce did not arrive at his methods without a search through others. He wrote lyrics, a realistic play, stories, and experimented—in "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"—with a kind of reminiscent, analytical, free-association-of-ideas-and-impressions writing, suggestive of Proust, before he hit upon the multiple methods of presentation employed in "Ulysses." It seems clear that he quickly recognized the limitations of these forms and consciously sought for something more inclusive, something that would enable him to draw into his fiction more of the complexities of contemporary experience, to introduce that dissonance and contrast evident everywhere around him into the very detail of his work—in place, let us say, of the unity of tone or mood which characterizes "Portrait of an Artist" and for which such writers as Proust and James, who also desired to enlarge the scope of the novel, made their sacrifices. In "Ulysses" he worked out such a form, inclusive, varied, permitting the language to come ever closer to the actuality. This, I think, is what the writers who have followed him have sensed; they have recognized that under the lens of his methods all the overworked scenes of realistic narrative, like drops of water under a microscope, are suddenly seen to be teeming with unsuspected life; the pauses and silences whose meaning could barely be guessed, the nuances of moods, the emotional responses which are scarcely reflected

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in speech or gestures or facial expression—all this, it can be seen now, is packed with infinite voiceless dramas, with dramas which yield less fully to any other method of presentation, or cannot otherwise be stated at all.

The character of Joyce's innovations, then, their flexibility and peculiar fitness for reaching into more varied aspects of modern life, would adequately explain the reasons for his influence if other reasons were lacking. But here it should be pointed out that by far the majority of novelists who have followed Joyce have been imaginatively stirred by Stephen Dedalus rather than by Leopold Bloom, have written of, and emphasized more than Joyce himself, the dilemma of the artist in societies dominated by bourgeois standards. This has led to the neglect of other aspects of his work, even though he has concerned himself to an extraordinary extent with questions of the relationship between art and politics, of the artist's social role—with the very questions, in short, that are now being discussed in terms of revolutionary criticism. And he has dramatized his own decisions with greater eloquence, with more wit and audacity and scholarship and with more intense labor than the holders of opposing points of view have so far displayed.

It is impossible to analyze this part of his work in detail here, but to reread "Ulysses" and "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" now, when the excitement and novelty of Freudian interpretation of literature has worn down, is to be impressed with how much and how deeply the Irish revolutionary movement enters into his work, how it runs in a clear red line from his first stories and how it finally disappears in his last. It runs from "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," in "Dubliners," through the magnificent section of "Portrait of the Artist" in which the conflict between the revolutionary movement and the Church reaches its first climax, when Aunt Dante, defending the priests and slandering Parnell, cries out *"Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death! Fiend!"* and Casey answers in anguish, *"Poor Parnell! My dead king!"*—one of the most powerful scenes in modern writing. Here the two ways of life that are open to Stephen, as to most young Irish intellectuals, are given their most intense expression, and through the rest of the book the conflict comes again and again, in the countless references to Tone and Robert Emmett, in the battle of wits at the university where Stephen answers McCann, the Socialist who speaks glibly of "the new gospel of life which would make it the business of the community to secure as cheaply as possible the greatest happiness for the greatest possible number," through Stephen's response to Davin, the young revolutionist and the one person to whom he is drawn, to his final savage curse, "Ireland is an old sow that eats her farrow," and his exile. There are countless references that show how aware he is of the conflict. Remember that in "Ulysses" the note of Parnell's return is one of the threads that bind the story together, that Bloom is set upon by the Citizen when he plays the liberal's role and tries to soften the condemnation of England, that he stands before the stationer's window and breaks wind while reading Emmett's last defiant words—"When at last my country shall take her rightful place among the nations of the earth, *then* let my epitaph be written," and the emotional pressure behind this conflict is suggested. Remember too that in that most cunning scene in modern fiction, when Stephen finally arrives at his concept of the artist's social role, he has spoken first with Davin, the revolutionist with whom he cannot establish a firm relationship—he is alternately attracted by Davin's "quiet inbred courtesy of attention or by a quaint turn of old English speech" and repelled "swiftly and suddenly by a grossness of intelligence or by bluntness of feeling or by a dull stare of terror in the eyes, *the terror of soul of a starving Irish village in which the curfew was still a nightly fear.*" At this time Stephen has known what the Church means, both in terms of the movement for Irish liberation and in terms of his own intellectual development, and he knows that that life, the safe, the established, allied with the dominant forces which are also forces of oppression, is not for him. He has known the nagging horrors of poverty, the dislocation symbolized by the aimless movements from one place to an other. When he turns on Davin, when he says that Ireland is an old sow that eats her farrow, it is *then,* in the talk with Lynch immediately after, that he builds up his definitions, his arguments against propaganda and pornography (for he places them on the same level) his vision of a static art, an art *above* desire and loathing, an art which least of all impels to action or decision. And its great justification seems to reside in the fact that it is a protection against the horrors of the modern world and in the clairvoyant powers it confers on the artist, the inner radiance, the "supreme quality" that is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived by his imagination.

This is the clearest statement of his purposes. But Joyce was not an esthete in the sense that we now use the term, nor does Stephen, unlike our esthetes, bluntly refuse the alternatives to his position. He knows what the conflicting points of view represent, and though he jeers at them, it is clear that he has thought deeply about them and what kind of action would be demanded of him if he accepted one of them. What he really builds up after he leaves the revolutionist is a vision of neutrality for the artist in social conflicts, and he provides an esthetic for it, a theory, outlines its way of life and, in the following scene of his lyric inspiration, pictures its rewards as eloquently as the artist's intangible rewards have been stated.

It would be easy for a Marxist to prove that such neutrality is in fact impossible, that it works to the advantage of the dominant class, but this is aside from the point; the Marxian novelists and critics have not dramatized their convictions so compellingly as Joyce has dramatized his. There remains the question of Joyce's personal career. He has withdrawn, he has not taken sides, and in the thirteen years since "Ulysses" was finished we have had only the few troubling fragments of "Work in Progress" to show whether his choice was right. Leaving aside the question of the quality of this work, limiting ourselves to the question of Joyce's influence on his contemporaries, there is no doubt that there has been as real a drawing back from "Work in Progress" as there was response to "Ulysses"; there has been an attempt on the part of his followers to suspend judgment, with all the uncertainty and search in other places which that effort implies. Perhaps "Work in Progress," as such disparate critics as Edmund Wilson and Herbert Read believe, will belong with the greatest of human poetry; the point that is relevant here is that the course Joyce has followed seems to have led to a strained and meager production, a lack of the unequivocal great work that might have been expected to follow "Ulysses." To some of us it seems even more tragic; it seems that we are watching the greatest living master of prose at his task of breaking up the language in which he won our respect.

How much have we lost because Stephen drew back from the revolution that attracted him, rebuffed by the first bluntness of intelligence he found or by an occasional stare of terror he saw in the eyes of those with whom he would have had to throw his lot? ROBERT CANTWELL.

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Reformer at Large

Bare Hands and Stone Walls, by Charles Edward Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 441 pages. $3.

MR. RUSSELL'S autobiography may be described as a series of case histories illustrating Mr. John Chamberlain's "Farewell to Reform." After a chapter on his Middle Western experience on his father's paper in Davenport, Iowa, and another on his New England education at St. Johnsbury Academy in Vermont, Mr. Russell plunges into the narrative of his association with many bare-handed attacks upon the stone walls of privilege. The first of these was the tariff, against which he joined the Free Trade League. His next battles were for the Single Tax under the banner of Henry George, and Populism under that of J. B. Weaver. As a reporter on The New York Journal and The New York World, he came to know the slums, crime, the police, prostitution, graft, C. H. Pankhurst and Father McGlynn in New York and Francis J. Heney and Fremont Older in San Francisco. He was one of the leading muckrakers. His narrative takes a wider scope with protest against the enormities of British rule in India and Ireland, and the paltering imperialism of the United States in the Philippines. He was one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He sat in the councils of the Non-Partisan League with Townley, Ladd and Frazier. As a Socialist he was saved from the emotional excesses of the Progressive campaign. He was thrown out of the party for accepting a place on the Root Mission to Russia, where he saw the second birth of the revolution. In the interstices between these activities he was a Chautauqua attraction, an experience which furnishes one of his most amusing chapters.

His portraits and judgments of the leaders in these various causes are vivid and acute. Quiet, self-contained men like J. B. Weaver, Dr. E. L. Ladd and Eamon de Valera have for him the attraction of opposites. His eulogy of Erskine Childers is a noble tribute and well deserved. Henry George is portrayed without flattery. Charles Evans Hughes is presented as the residuary legatee of the muckrakers, by virtue of a carefully guided investigation which sacrificed a few scapegoats to preserve a system whereby the control of the people's savings passed to the great financial interests. Of Theodore Roosevelt Mr. Russell says curtly: "He was Wall Street's white-haired boy—probably no other man in history has ever made so great a reputation on so slight a basis."

Mr. Russell regards the War as fundamentally due to German determination to force the issue. The sight of German women forced off the sidewalk by officers before the War, the reports of American women searched naked by the same brutal hands at its outset, set flowing in him a molten stream of indignation which submerged his hatred of the British in India and Ireland. He is convinced that Great Britain had no intention of entering the War until after the invasion of Belgium. He seems never to have heard of Sir Edward Grey's commitments to France. He is quite sure of Wilson's wisdom in following his advice to enter the War, and, for all said to the contrary, the Treaty of Versailles is to him the condign punishment of war guilt. A little uneasy about his war record, he pleads that his position was exactly that taken by Clarence Darrow. He does not mention that Mr. Darrow has long since recanted. In Russia, he did not like Lenin's appearance or the Bolsheviks' manners and found Kerensky the ideal revolutionist. After the latter's fall he has no comment on Wilson's invasions of Russian soil or the refusal to recognize the Soviet Union. Where Mr. Russell finds so much to condemn, such omissions are significant.

At the close of his account of each reforming infant, Mr. Russell performs a brief autopsy to show what the child died of. His usual findings are that it perished from lack of nourishment, being fed on symptoms instead of fundamental conditions. In spite of these casualties Mr. Russell remains optimistic, but his thesis that the world is growing better he argues from symptoms rather than fundamentals; if the symptoms are bad they indicate a turn toward recovery. "The dictator is the pavement-layer for the coming republic." He does not consider that while superficial improvements are taking place the whole world may be heading for a catastrophe, that such catastrophe is inevitable in a social system which he regards as the final source of all the evil done under the sun. After his long experience of attacking the stone wall with bare hands, Mr. Russell might try undermining its foundation. To round out his career he should enlist under Communism and write an autopsy on that.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Ragged Continentals

Rabble in Arms, by Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 870 pages. $2.50.

TAKE THE strange case of Kenneth Roberts. Terminating his connection with, if not admiration for, the American Occupation in Siberia, he returned to journalism. There he became so very slick on the subject of foreign affairs as to win a post in the court of George Horace Lorimer, where he got ahead. He was very knowing; he thumped the proper backs. He cheered strenuously for Capital; wrote one complete and wonderful whitewashing of a local Metternich (specifically Calvin Coolidge); and brought out numerous bound volumes of wisecracks perpetrated against radicals and foreigners to this soil. In short, for many years Mr. Roberts carried the flag in the best American Legion tradition, and very harsh things were said against him in the liberal press. Now that he has subsided into writing historical novels, it becomes clear, first, that a good convincing plot eludes him; second, that his grip on world history does not prevent him from confusing Louis XIV with Tiglath Pileser or somebody.

All of which makes, if I count accurately, about 2.9 strikes against him before he even shows up on the field. And yet if ever a writer hit the ball surely and with clean drive, Mr. Roberts does it in his second novel of the Revolution, seeing the Northern Army through its long and awful retreat from Quebec to Saratoga. Working with only a segment of the whole, seeing through the eyes of characters caught up in the immediate whirl of events, he is not much betrayed by a probable lack of basic understanding; while on detail, on the recapture of sounds and smells and how a thing was done, he compels belief. He has neat humor, fancy, experience of many types of men and a narrative ability which can roll up blocks of a hundred or so pages like that—but there is something more. There must be something more to make Arnold, the central figure, ultimately such a man as you would like, just for a minute, to stand beside, and the vicissitudes of that rabble so insolently and inadequately in arms suddenly a matter of personal concern, demanding your respect and pity. Marred as it is by flaws, the book is a finer American document than many of greater pretensions.

NORMAN PRATHER.

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John Hay's Better Part

John Hay: From Poetry to Politics, by Tyler Dennett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 476 pages. $3.75.

CONSIDERABLY more than half of Professor Dennett's book deals with the last seven years of John Hay's life, the years when he was Ambassador to England and then Secretary of State. In presenting the results of what is obviously an exhaustive study of all relevant documents, Dennett makes the best case he can for Hay. He passes over the annexation of the Philippines with reflections on "a soul often in travail not wholly pleasant to watch." He suggests that Hay's part in the Panama steal is pardonable because he really favored the Nicaraguan route for the canal. In general he accepts Hay's imperialistic policy on Hay's own terms, as part of "a cosmic tendency." And when he comes to Hay's part in the cementing of Anglo-American friendship, he permits himself to show marked enthusiasm. Professor Dennett's justification for devoting so much space to diplomatic problems at the turn of the century is, of course, his conviction that Hay's services to Anglo-American friendship and the Republican party were the crowning glory of his life. The last sentence of the book reads, "In a rather brutal, masterful age, he achieved a better part: he overcame himself." In his opinion the change from dilettantism to discipline, from individualism to party regularity, from poetry to politics, was progress.

Perhaps one could accept Professor Dennett's judgment if one shared his enthusiasm for Hay's diplomatic achievements. But from another point of view, the change from a genuine, though mild, liberalism to rock-ribbed conservatism and imperialism is scarcely cause for jubilation. Easy as it is to accept the idea that John Hay was but the instrument of a cosmic tendency, one wonders why he, rather than another, was destiny's tool. In 1871, in his "Pike County Ballads," he praised the self-reliance of the common man and his freedom from conventionality. In "Castilian Days," at about the same time, he attacked conservatism in politics and said, "There are those who think the Spaniards are not fit for freedom. I believe that no people are fit for anything else." In 1872 he followed Carl Schurz, whom at that time he greatly admired, in opposing Grant and Grantism. Even as late as 1885, when he was already a star pupil in the school of Republican conformity, he wrote a sonnet against the annexation of Hawaii and against imperialism. Undoubtedly his liberalism was, as Dennett says, without adequate philosophical foundation; but it was there. In so far as he was a poet, Hay was a liberal, and when he stopped being a liberal he stopped being a poet.

Professor Dennett resents the statement that "The Bread-Winners" indicates the conversion of John Hay, and, though his defense of the novel as a faithful interpretation of the Gilded Age is rather lame, perhaps he is right in thinking that conversion is too strong a word to describe what happened to Hay. The liberalism and idealism that flourished in America in the years before the Civil War were by no means clearly defined, and they often went hand in hand with more material ambitions of the sort that Emerson, for example, decried. After the war ended there came a period of unprecedented business expansion—"a glorious time to be alive," Dennett calls it—and many of the young idealists were transformed into hard-headed industrialists and financiers. Hay was not one of them. He was, rather, to be found in the ranks of those—Howells, Harte, James, Mark Twain and Henry Adams, for example—who preferred to stand at a little distance from the rapid march of industrial progress and to find satisfaction in other kinds of activity. But, as time went on, and all five of the men mentioned became, in their various ways, more and more outspokenly critical of the kind of civilization that was growing up in America, Hay found it impossible to follow their lead.

Perhaps it is unfair, as Dennett suggests, to attach much importance to Hay's marriage to the daughter of Amasa Stone, for the desire for wealth and the love of social prestige were as much a part of his early attitude toward life as his liberalism was. But certainly the sudden acquisition of the responsibilities of wealth did much to foster one set of qualities at the expense of the other. The interest in writing withered away, and from 1880 to 1897 Hay lived a life of leisure, in search of gayety, to use Dennett's phrase. He found neither gayety nor happiness, for he discovered no role that he could play in the life of his times. He had no important share in the feverish movement of expansion, and yet he was not one of the writers who, merely in the effort to fulfill their responsibilities as writers, were finding themselves forced to oppose that movement. Indeed, his sympathies with the critics grew paler and paler. By the nineties all he needed was an opportunity to give the kind of dignified service for which his life had prepared him. The Republican party, which had been born out of just such noble desires as Hay's for freedom and opportunity, had become the party of monopoly at home and oppression abroad. It needed a cultivated gentleman as diplomat and apologist. Hay threw himself into the work with joy. His labors seem to Professor Dennett, not without reason, to have involved self-sacrifice, but they also brought self-fulfilment.

Hay's poetry was not very good as poetry, whereas his politics as politics was, if Professor Dennett is to be believed, excellent; but it is possible to prefer bad poetry that speaks for the common man to good politics in the interests of big business. Professor Dennett's biography of Hay is both more reliable and more interesting than William Roscoe Thayer's, even though both books are based on essentially the same set of values. Dennett has left little room for further research, but there is still a chance for someone to show not only how a poet became a statesman but also how a (moderately) good man went wrong.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

For Women Only

America Through Women's Eyes, edited by Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 558 pages. $3.50.

THE IDEA of this book is a good deal more interesting than the book itself. It is a stimulating suggestion—to look at three hundred years of American history "through women's eyes." Few of us, perhaps, but have wondered how they viewed the events in which they participated—the Pilgrim mothers, the wives and daughters of the Revolution who planted and harvested when their menfolk "left the plough in the furrow," the women who forsook familiar homes and gardens to set out on the Boone Trace or the Oregon Trail. In her effort to present the experience and the points of view of American women, Mrs. Beard has drawn on letters, diaries, novels, textbooks, pamphlets, articles. She has organized her material in fourteen rather loose chronological periods and supplied a brief but penetrating introduction to each of the many extracts from women's writings of which the chapters are

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composed. She has performed her editorial task, needless to state, with scholarly competence. And yet the book is curiously and perhaps inevitably disappointing.

Mrs. Beard has elsewhere reminded us that the world, economic and cultural, in which we live is neither "man-made" nor "woman-made." The forces with which we shape our institutions are not sex traits but such human attributes as intelligence, ambition, humor, greed, fear, pity, hope, stupidity. In trying to redress the balance of "history conceived as political, military and economic occurrences, divorced from life as a unit," Mrs. Beard has gone to the other extreme of taking into account only "the share of women in the development of American society." Her book must be considered in the light of the obvious handicaps with which the editor's task was complicated: the artificial and confusing line which attempts to mark off woman's part from man's in what is an essentially human record; the limited selection of materials available if this narrow viewpoint is to be maintained.

To this reviewer, the result is a source book of very uneven values. It begins with colorful and sometimes poignant glimpses of early colonial life. It concludes with the International Congress of Women at the Chicago Fair last July. In places it is fresh and illuminating, but it is often wordy, awkward, dull. Instead of history, it is a book of fragments, skillfully selected and displayed, from history's intricate mosaic—authentic fragments, obviously, but broken and incomplete. Mrs. Beard writes in her Introduction that "the most striking and significant tendency of contemporary social thought is in the direction of integrating all the aspects of life." The trouble with this book is that it doesn't integrate women into the total picture. Pulled out of their relationship to the whole, and thus out of perspective, the contributions of women as women to the American experiment lose significance and vitality.

BEULAH AMIDON.

Man the Fabricator

Early Steps in Human Progress, by Harold J. Peake. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 256 pages, illustrated. $3.

ZOOLOGISTS, who are not affected by delusions of grandeur, when they come to Man, the present Lord of Creation, proceed somewhat as follows: Subkingdom Vertebrata, Eutherian (placental) Division of the Class Mammalia; Suborder Anthropoidea of the Order Primates; Family Hominidae, Genus Homo, Species Sapiens. For the anthropologist, however, the qualities that really distinguish man are his *fabricating* characteristics: "Homo Faber" is thus the final description of the animal which has been equally successful in the making of pottery, arrowheads, clothing, skyscrapers and machine guns. And it is the long, fascinating story of how man has made himself comfortable (or formidable) in this life-congested world which we read in Harold Peake's excellent volume.

The author is eminently qualified for his task: long known for his scholarly researches in the material backgrounds of primitive civilizations, collaborator with H. J. Fleure in that valuable series of monographs, "The Corridors of Time," Mr. Peake here presents us with a concise and well written account of some of the many inventions by which man overcame his biological limitations and furthered his triumph over a range of natural conditions that threatened quickly to eliminate him from the Comedy of Progress.

A discussion of the racial characteristics of man is followed by a very brief but competent resumé of early migrations and their possible effects upon various stocks. (It is, however, a scientific impropriety to suggest that "certain virtues, and certain vices as well, are more commonly associated with certain physical types": from the same premise Gobineau built up his Aryan fantasies and McDougall concluded that the "Nordic race" is "constitutionally introvert.") The rest of the volume deals with special techniques and their consequences—primitive tools, of wood, bone, flint and metal; the discovery of fire and its immense effect upon all subsequent culture; weapons, for the hunt and for war; early art and its ceremonial significance; baskets and pottery and how they influenced early textile making; agriculture and transportation (the wheel probably originated in Mesopotamia, 2,000 years before its introduction into Egypt). Many of the implements and tools described are still in use, a fact which confirms the author's concluding statement that "no advances in material culture were made during the Middle Ages, and the features that distinguished modern civilization from ancient are due to discoveries made during the last four centuries." Two centuries might be even more accurate, since the most radical changes are due to the introduction of steam.

Numerous excellent illustrations add to the value of this very readable study of man's technical progress. It is unfortunate that a selected bibliography was not included for those who might wish to pursue the subject further.

HAROLD WARD.

Books in Brief

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

A COP REMEMBERS, by Cornelius W. Willemse. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 344 pages. $3.*

As this cop recalls incidents from a life in harness, his reader's interest is pretty likely to focus on the gradual unfolding, not of what happens behind the green lights, but of what goes on behind the big red face. For although Captain Willemse might not at first seem sufficiently the type, being a Dutch immigrant and master of several languages, in large outline he shapes up as a pretty likely spokesman for the city's Finest. He is big and hearty and flat of foot, two-fisted, regular, wise in the habits of the everyday bloke, and much given to horseplay and wide eating and elevation of the pot. A confirmed family man, he reveres the simple virtues—thrift, loyalty, brother-love, kindness to children: and he acts out the impulses of a great warm heart under guidance of a mentality which would do credit to any sharp gamin of sixteen or thereabouts. Comfortable with platitude, he divides his world into good and bad acts accordingly, strong-arming those who trouble "our best people," helping the needy, deploring politicians, unscrupulous business men and labor leaders. On the subject of police graft he tacks much and strangely without getting anywhere. A cop gets small pay, he says; the higher-ups are guilty, he says; and in the end he ducks the main issue altogether, having no more idea of whom he is serving or to what end than he has of there being anything much finer than the Finest.

ROUGH HEWN, Anonymous. *New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 391 pages. $2.50.*

The author of this crowded memoir had no sooner got out of the short pants of a mean childhood than he was off on his first cruise; and he had no sooner got a severe lesson for himself in the way of being overworked, chilled, starved and generally kicked about—as is the custom—than he was off on a second, this time in a windjammer. "Here," he says, with something of the first wonder still upon him, "the sails were white; the sun painted

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them in a mauve and ivory, and gray in the shadows. When the ship burst a sea, it exploded in glittering gems about her bows. She went by the wind, with the sea, of it, a thing of life." With the sea and of it, he himself beat about for the twenty swinging years which followed, hunting treasure, being shipwrecked, carrying slops, in the end achieving his first real command only to be blown straightway out of it. But at this point, midway through the book, his chronicle, turning upon economic and domestic woe ashore, becomes singularly humdrum and deficient in understanding. Without the sea, one learns, he is incomplete, seeming only in the recollection of his days upon it to maintain the stature which the fine and thumping narrative of his earlier pages attests.

THE LUDWIGS OF BAVARIA, by Henry Channon. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 256 pages. $3.*

For a thousand years the Wittelsbach dynasty ruled Bavaria; for the greater part of the last century three kings named Ludwig sat on its throne. In the first two Ludwigs, the genius of the dynasty—a genius of personality, which revealed itself in eccentricity, fantasy, madness—burned brightest. These two Ludwigs expressed their highly different personalities in a mania for building; both had but two passions in life. With the first, the "classical" Ludwig, there were the ancient world (Greece and Rome and Italy) and Lola Montez; his reproductions of ancient buildings emptied his coffers, and the pseudo-Spanish adventuress lost him his throne. For the second, "the Swan Prince," the madder and handsomer of the two, there were romantic architecture and Richard Wagner; the results were practically the same. But with these fantasticos the dynasty must have exhausted itself, for the third Ludwig, a democratic, bourgeois little man in the style of Louis Philippe, did nothing more remarkable than to abdicate at the end of the War. Mr. Channon sees his subjects in a romantic light; his account of them at times dissolves into a treatise on German baroque architecture.

Science

THE EUGENIC PREDICAMENT, by S. J. Holmes. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 232 pages. $2.*

The title of this book is well chosen. The author, a professor of Zoölogy at the University of California, recognizes that "eugenic improvement has often been criticized as an impracticable dream because people can never agree upon just what kind of human beings we should strive to reproduce." This caution enables him to write an intelligent résumé of the eugenist position in the light of recent investigations. The crucial problem of the environment versus heredity—"nurture and nature"—is set forth in discussions of mental defectives and superior ability in various strata of the population and under varying economic and cultural conditions. Much use is made of data on identical twins; chapters on natural selection and the birth supply further confirm Dr. Holmes's modest conviction that only patient research and broad social vision can help society to eliminate the dysgenic factors which impede its development. The chief fault of the book—and possibly the real "eugenic predicament"—is the tendency to confound economic and social factors in individual development with those which may correctly be regarded as genetic. This confusion, as Lancelot Hogben has pointed out, is doubtless one of the heritages bequeathed to eugenics by its decidedly aristocratic founder, Sir Francis Galton.

Fiction

THE OLD MAN DIES, by Elizabeth Sprigge. *New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

The old man is dying as the story opens. He goes on dying throughout the book. The family, clustered in the lower rooms, are waiting. But once again that indomitable will—"I bring you hope," says the doctor—triumphs. Eyes are fixed, fearing to meet other eyes. The members of the family disperse but soon are called again. They come in twos and threes, linger, drink tea or whiskey, whisper confidences, gossip. They move, sit, the cigarette smoke curls, the hot tea revives them, someone is lingering on the stairs, a sense of intimacy is broken up by an intru-

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sive entrance. Their talk, colloquial and various, reveals them as individuals with features, clothes, attitudes; of different ages, characters and needs. We know what they think and like, how they regard each other, what they suffer, towards what fantastic non-sequiturs of living they are hurrying, what destinies the old man settled for them long ago. But by a subtle orchestration they remain a family by whose invisible periphery the rhythms of their lives are bounded. It is all simple, deft, transparent, real with an almost physical reality, like something known, experienced, remembered, the result of an art so sure of itself that one can't find it. The story, the fine characterizations, the stress of situations, are built up with exquisite rightness in every detail, but the scaffolding is invisible. In the end the old man dies. But, though the lives of his children are changed, they are not the changes that were expected. The invisible periphery still exists.

WITHIN THIS PRESENT, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

In "Within This Present" Mrs. Barnes has written a serious domestic novel, in which a pattern of family life is woven upon the loom of recent history. The Sewalls with the allied Truesdales and McLeods dwell in a lakeside suburb of Chicago, like the Sidonians, "quiet and serene." The fortune founded by Grandfather Sewall is the cocoon within which the family lives, warm and sleek with comfort. The memory of Grandmother Sewall carries the story back to the years before the fire, when city and fortune alike were in the making; and through her we comprehend the American family pride which depends not on duration but on accomplishment. There is beauty in the family life of the Sewalls, strength in the characters which it generates, poignancy in the crises of war, scandal and financial collapse which threaten to disrupt it. The end of the book is the end of an epoch. In spite of the optimism with which the assembled family listens to President Roosevelt's inaugural address, we know that the social structure of which the Sewalls were a part is shaken beyond repair, and their way of life passed forever.

Contributors

HAROLD LOEB, novelist and former editor of Broom, has been making a study of the different kinds of fascist movements in this country and abroad.

SELDEN RODMAN is co-editor of the magazine Common Sense and the author of a book of verse, "Mortal Triumph."

MARIE DE L. WELCH, a California poet, has contributed to periodicals both here and abroad. Her latest volume, "Poems," was published by Macmillan this fall.

ELLA WINTER is a graduate of the London School of Economics and the author of "Red Virtue," a study of human relationships in Soviet Russia. During the past summer she has been investigating the labor situation in California.

JONATHAN MITCHELL is in Montevideo, Uruguay, observing the Pan-American Conference now in session there.

FRANK WHITSON FETTER is an assistant professor of Economics in Princeton University. He is the author of "Monetary Inflation in Chile" and wrote the Public Policy Pamphlet on "The New Deal and Tariff Policy," recently published by the University of Chicago Press.

JOHN T. MOUTOUX is a reporter for The Knoxville, Tennessee, News-Sentinel, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, which led the successful fight in Knoxville recently for a municipal electric distribution system.

GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is the author of "The Great Tradition," an interpretation of American literature since the Civil War.

BEULAH AMIDON is an associate editor of The Survey and an occasional contributor to other magazines.

HAROLD WARD'S special interest is in the social implications of science and technology. He writes regularly on "The Sciences and Society" for The Living Age.

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